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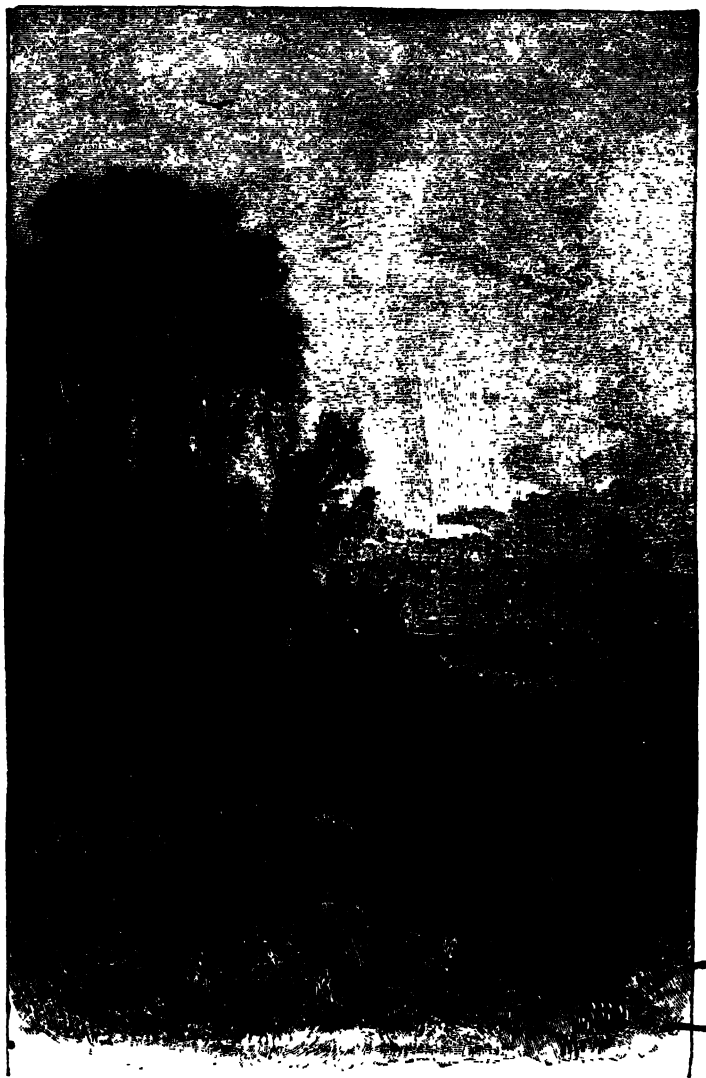
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AFTER THE STORM.

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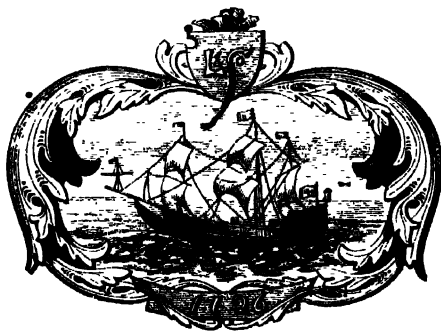
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THE

SIXTH READER

STANDARD VI.

*(Written to meet the requirements of the New Code and in
accordance with the Instructions to H.M. Inspectors)*



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1. THE LAST FIGHT OF THE 'REVENGE.'

(From Froude's *'England's Forgotten Worthies.'*)

PART I.

At the time all England and all the world rang with the story. It struck a deeper terror, though it was but the action of a single ship, into the hearts of the Spanish people; it dealt a more deadly blow upon their fame and moral strength than the destruction of the *Armadilla* itself; and, in the direct results which arose from it, it was scarcely less disastrous to them.

In August 1591, Lord Thomas Howard, with six English line-of-battle ships, six victuallers, and two or three pinnaces, was lying at anchor under the Island of Florez. Light in ballast and short of water, with half his men disabled by sickness, Howard was unable to pursue the aggressive purpose on which he had been sent out. Several of the ships' crews were on shore; the ships themselves 'all pestered and rommaging,' with everything out of order. In this condition they were surprised by a Spanish fleet consisting of fifty-three men-of-war. Eleven out of the twelve English ships obeyed the signal of the admiral, to cut or weigh their anchors and escape as they might. The twelfth, the 'Revenge,' was unable for the moment to follow. Of her crew of 190 men, ninety were sick on shore, and, from the position of the ship, there was some delay and

difficulty in getting them on board. The 'Revenge' was commanded by Sir Richard Grenville, of Bideford, a man well known in the Spanish seas, and the terror of the Spanish sailors; so fierce he was said to be, that mythic stories passed from lip to lip about him, and, like Earl Talbot or Cœur de Lion, the nurses at the Azores frightened children with the sound of his name.

To the English he was a goodly and gallant gentleman, who had never turned his back upon an enemy, and was remarkable in that remarkable time for his constancy and daring. In this surprise at Florez he was in no haste to fly. He first saw all his sick on board, and stowed away on the ballast; and then, with no more than 100 men left him to fight and work the ship, he deliberately weighed, uncertain, as it seemed at first, what he intended to do. The Spanish fleet were by this time on his weather bow, and he was persuaded (we here take his cousin Raleigh's¹ beautiful narrative, and follow it in Raleigh's words) to cut his mainsail and cast about, and trust to the sailing of the ship:—

'But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonour himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through their two squadrons in spite of them, and enforce those of Seville to give him way: which he performed upon divers of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff and fell under the lee of the "Revenge." But the other course had been the better; and might

¹ Raleigh's *The Last Fight of the 'Revenge,'* 1591.

right well have been answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing : notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded.'

The wind was light ; the ' San Philip,' ' a huge high-carged ship ' of 1,500 tons, came up to windward of him, and taking the wind out of his sails, ran aboard him.

' After the " Revenge " was entangled with the " San Philip," four others boarded her, two on her larboard and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning at three o'clock in the afternoon continued very terrible all that evening. But the great " San Philip " having received the lower tier of the " Revenge " shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly mishaking her first entertainment. The Spanish ships were filled with soldiers, in some 200, besides the mariners, in some 500, in others 800. In ours there were none at all, besides the mariners, but the servants of the commander and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the " Revenge," and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitude of their armed soldiers and musketeers ; but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ship or into the sea. In the beginning of the fight the " George Noble," of London, having received some shot through her by the Armadas, fell under the lee of the " Revenge," and asked Sir Richard what he would command him ; but being one of the victuallers, and of small force, Sir Richard bade him save himself and leave him to his fortune.'

This last was a little touch of gallantry, which we should be glad to remember with the honour due to the brave English sailor who commanded the 'George Noble;' but his name has passed away, and his action is an *in memoriam*, on which time has effaced the writing.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.

For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us no more -

God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

TENNYSON.

All that August night the fight continued, the stars rolling over in their sad majesty, but unseen through the sulphurous clouds which hung over the scene. Ship after ship of the Spaniards came on upon the 'Revenge,' 'so that never less than two mighty galleons were at her side and aboard her,' washing up like waves upon a rock, and falling foiled and shattered back amidst the roar of the artillery. Before morning fifteen several Armadas had assailed her, and all in vain; some had been sunk at her side; and the rest, 'so ill approving of their entertainment, that at break of day they were far more willing to hearken to a composition, than hastily to make more assaults or entries.' 'But as the day increased,' says Raleigh, 'so our men decreased; and as the light grew more and more, by so much the more grew our discomfort, for none appeared in sight but enemies; save one small ship called the "Pilgrim," commanded by Jacob

Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success, but in the morning, bearing with the "Revenge," was hunted like a hare among many ravenous hounds—but escaped.

ag-gres'sive, making the first attack.

Flo'rez: in the Azores.

gal-lant-ry: bravery.

gal-le-on: a large Spanish ship with high stem and stern.

ord-nance: big guns.

pin-na-cles: small vessels with masts and sails.

ra'ven-ous: very hungry.

vic-tu-al-lers: ships that carry provisions.

WORD-BUILDING

1. Give the **Latin Prefixes** with their meanings in the words:—*aggressive*, *constancy*, *inter-changed*, *composition*, *decreased*, *discomfort*.

2. Give three examples of the

Prefix *in* meaning *into*, and *in* meaning *not*.

3. What is the **Latin Prefix** in the word *collect*? Give the other forms of this prefix with examples.

2. THE LAST FIGHT OF THE 'REVENGE.'

PART II.

ALL the powder in the 'Revenge' was now spent, all her pikes were broken, 40 out of her 109 men killed, and a great number of the rest wounded. Sir Richard, though badly hurt early in the battle, never forsook the deck till an hour before midnight, and was then shot through the body while his wounds were being dressed, and again in the head. His surgeon was killed while attending on him; the masts were lying over the side, the rigging cut or broken, the upper works all shot in pieces, and the ship herself, unable to move, was settling slowly in the sea; the vast fleet of Spaniards lying round her in a ring, like dogs round a dying lion, and wary of approaching him in his last agony.

Sir Richard, seeing that it was past hope, having fought for fifteen hours, and 'having by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery through him,' 'commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards, seeing in so many hours they were not able to take her, having had above fifteen hours' time, above ten thousand men, and fifty-three men-of-war to perform it withal, and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else ; but as they had, like valiant, resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days.

The gunners and a few others consented. But this was more than could be expected of ordinary seamen. They had dared do all which did become men, and they were not more than men. Two Spanish ships had gone down, above 1,500 of their crews were killed, and the Spanish admiral could not induce any one of the rest of his fleet to board the 'Revenge' again, 'doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown up himself and them, knowing his dangerous disposition.' Sir Richard lying disabled below, the captain, 'finding the Spaniards as ready to entertain a composition as they could be to offer it,' gained over the majority of the surviving company ; and the remainder then drawing back from the master gunner, they all, without further consulting their dying commander, surrendered on honourable terms. If unequal to the English in action, the Spaniards were at

least as courteous in victory. It is due to them to say that the conditions were faithfully observed; and 'the ship being marvellous unsavourie,' Alonzo de Baçon, the Spanish admiral, sent his boat to bring Sir Richard on board his own vessel.

Sir Richard, whose life was fast ebbing away, replied that 'he might do with his body what he list, for that he esteemed it not;' and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned, and reviving again, desired the company to pray for him.

The admiral used him with all humanity, 'commending his valour and worthiness, being unto them a rare spectacle, and a resolution seldom approved.' The officers of the fleet, too, John Higgins tells us, crowded round to look at him; and a new fight had almost broken out between the Biscayans and the 'Portugals,' each claiming the honour of having boarded the 'Revenge.'

'In a few hours Sir Richard, feeling his end approaching, showed not any sign of faintness, but spake these words in Spanish, and said, "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do that hath fought for his country, queen, religion, and honour. Whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his duty as he was bound to do." When he had finished these or other such like words, he gave up the ghost with great and stout courage, and no man could perceive any sign of heaviness in him.'¹

¹ From *The Fight and Cyclone at the Azores*, by Jan Huygen van Linschoten, 1598.

Such was the fight at Florez, in that August of 1591 without its equal in such of the annals of mankind as the thing which we call history has preserved to us. Nor did the matter end without a sequel awful as itself. Sea battles have been often followed by storms, and without a miracle; but with a miracle, as the Spaniards and the English alike believed, or without one, 'there ensued on this action a tempest so terrible as was never seen or heard the like before.'

A fleet of merchantmen joined the Armada immediately after the battle, forming in all 140 sail; and of these 140, only thirty-two ever saw Spanish harbour. The rest foundered, or were lost on the Azores. The men-of-war had been so shattered by shot as to be unable to carry sail; and the 'Revenge' herself, 'disdaining to survive her commander, or as if to complete his own last baffled purpose, like Samson, buried herself and her 200 prize crew under the rocks of St. Michael's.

Ar-ma'-da: a fleet of warships.
com-po-si'-tion: an agreement to make peace.
dis-dain'-ing: scorning.
ma-jor'-i-ty: the greater number.
master gunner: the officer in charge of the cannon.
pikes: weapons with long wooden

handles and ships. iron heads, to thrust with.

Samson: See Judges, c. 16, v. 25 to 30.

St. Michael's: an island of the Azores.

sur-ren'-der-ed: gave in.

wa'-ry: cautious, careful.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. Pick out the **Prefixes** and give their meanings in the words:

midnight, unable, induce, prolonging, disabled, survive, complete.

2. With the root *porto* I carry, and the **Prefixes** *ex, in, trans, sup,*

re, make English words and explain their meanings.

3. Make as many words as you can by putting **Prefixes** before the word *form*, and give the meanings of the words so formed.

3. AFTER THE STORM.*

(From 'Lalla Rookh,' by T. Moore.)

Thomas Moore (1780-1852) was born in Dublin. His best known poems are 'Lalla Rookh' and 'Irish Melodies'; the latter are full of true feeling, and are the most popular of his writings. His style is light and graceful, and abounds in polished satire.

How calm, how beautiful comes on
 The stilly hour, when storms are gone;
 When warring winds have died away,
 And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
 Melt off, and leave the land and sea 5
 Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
 Fresh as if Day again were born,
 Again upon the lap of Morn!—
 When the light blossoms, rudely torn
 And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will, 10
 Hang floating in the pure air still,
 Filling it all with precious balm,
 In gratitude for this sweet calm;—
 And every drop the thunder-show'rs
 Have left upon the grass and flow'rs 15
 Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem
 Whose liquid flame is born of them!
 When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
 There blow a thousand gentle airs,
 And each a diff'rent perfume bears,— 20
 As if the loveliest plants and trees
 Had vassal breezes of their own
 To watch and wait on them alone,
 And waft no other breath than theirs!

lightning-gem: a precious stone of the Indies, which was supposed to fall during thunderstorms.
tran-quil'-li-ty: a calm state.
wan'-ing: decreasing.

4. A SHOAL OF HERRINGS.

Hugh Miller, the geologist, was born in Cromarty, in 1802. While working as a mason he studied the various rocks and stones that passed through his hands, and in time became thoroughly acquainted with the geology of his native country. His best-known works are '**The Old Red Sandstone**' and '**My Schools and Schoolmasters**.'

As the night gradually darkened, the sky assumed a dead and leaden hue; the sea, roughened by the rising breeze, reflected its deeper hues with an intensity approaching to black, and seemed a dark uneven pavement that absorbed every ray of the remaining light. A calm silvery patch, some fifteen or twenty yards in extent, came moving slowly through the black.

It seemed merely a patch of water coated with oil; but, obedient to some other moving power than that of either tide or wind, it sailed aslant our line of buoys, a stone-cast from our bows, lengthened itself along the line to thrice its former extent—paused as if for a moment—and then three of the buoys, after erecting themselves on their narrower base, with a sudden jerk, slowly sank. 'One—two—three buoys!' exclaimed one of the fishermen, reckoning them as they disappeared; 'there are ten barrels for us secure.'

A few moments were suffered to elapse, and then, unfixing the hawser from the stern and bringing it aft to the stern, we commenced hauling. The nets approached the gunwale. The first three appeared, from the phosphoric light of the water, as if bursting into flames of a pale-green colour. Here and there a herring glittered through the waves, while it was yet several fathoms away. The pale-green seemed as if mingled with broken sheets of



THE FISHING FLEET.

snow that, flickering amid the mass of light, appeared, with every tug given by the fishermen, to shift, dissipate, and again form. There streamed from it into the surrounding gloom myriads of green rays, an instant seen and then lost, the retreating fish that had avoided the meshes, but had lingered until disturbed beside their entangled companions.

The net contained a considerable body of herrings. As we raised them over the gunwale, they felt warm to the hand, for in the middle of a large shoal even the temperature of the water is raised—a fact well known to every herring-fisherman; and in shaking them out of the meshes the ear became sensible of a shrill, chirping sound, like that of a mouse, but much fainter, a ceaseless cheep, cheep, cheep, occasioned apparently—for no true fish is furnished with organs of sound—by a sudden escape from the air bladder.

The shoal, a small one, had spread only over three of the nets, the three whose buoys had so suddenly disappeared; and most of the others had but their mere sprinkling of fish, some dozen or two in a net; but so thickly had they lain in the fortunate three, that the entire haul consisted of rather more than twelve barrels.

We started up about midnight, and saw an open sea as before, but the scene had considerably changed since we had lain down. The breeze had died into a calm; the heavens, no longer dark and gray, were glowing with stars; and the sea, from the smoothness of the surface, appeared a second sky, as bright, as starry as the other; with this difference, however, that all its stars seemed to be comets, for the slightly tremulous motion of the sur-

face elongated the reflected images, and gave to each its tail.

In about an hour after sunrise, what seemed more fitful airs began to play on the surface, imparting to it, in irregular patches, a tint of gray. First one patch would form, then a second beside it, then a third, and then for miles around, the surface, else so silvery, would seem frosted over with gray; the apparent breeze appeared as if propagating itself from one central point. In a few seconds after, all would be calm as at first, and then from some other centre the patches of gray would again form and widen, till the whole firth seemed covered with them. A peculiar poppling noise, as if a thunder-shower was beating the surface with its multitudinous drops, rose around our boat; the water seemed sprinkled with an infinity of points of silver, that for an instant glittered in the sun, and then resigning their places to other quick-glancing points, that in turn were succeeded by yet others.

The herrings by millions and thousands of millions were at play around us, leaping a few inches in the air, and then falling and disappearing to rise and leap again. Shoal rose beyond shoal till the whole bank seemed beaten into foam, and the low poppling sounds were multiplied into a roar, like that of the wind through some tall wood that might be heard in the calm for miles.

And again the shoals extending around us seemed to cover for hundreds of square miles the vast Moray Firth. But though they played beside our buoys by thousands, not a herring swam so low as the upper baulk of our drift. One of the fishermen, taking up a stone, flung

it right over our second buoy into the middle of the shoal, and the fish disappeared from the surface for several fathoms around.

'Ah, there they go,' he exclaimed, 'if they go but low enough! Four years ago I started thirty barrels of fish into my drift just by throwing a stone at them.' I know not what effect the stone might have had on this occasion; but on hauling our nets for the third and last time, we found we had captured about eight barrels of fish; and then hoisting sail—for a light breeze from the east had sprung up—we made for the shore with a cargo of twenty barrels.

ab-sorb'-ed: taken up by.
ap-par'-ent-ly: seemingly.
dis'-si-pate: disperse; spread out.
e'-lon-ga-ting: lengthening; drawing out.
gun'-wale (*gun'-le*): the upper rim

of a vessel's side.
haw'-ser: a strong rope.
in-ten'-si-ty: depth.
pro'-pa-ga-ting: spreading abroad.
re-sig'-ing: giving up.
trem'-u-lous: shaking.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. Give the meanings of the **Prefixes** used in the words: *absorbed, apparently, dissipate, elongating, propagating, resigning.*
2. What **Latin Prefixes** mean: *for, forth, from, of, in, out, away from.*
3. Give examples with meanings of the use of: *trans, sine, trans, pel, post, ante, circum, cis.*

5. GLIMPSES OF SCIENCE.

(From 'Health and Education,' by the Rev. Charles Kingsley.)

The Rev. Charles Kingsley was born at Holne Vicarage, on the borders of Dartmoor, Devon, June 12, 1819. After leaving Cambridge he studied for a time for the law, but gave it up and entered the Church. He became curate at Eversley, a small village in Hampshire; and, upon the living becoming vacant, he was presented to it. One of Kingsley's first books was 'Alton Locke,' in which he tried to arouse sympathy for the wretched working tailors of London. From his endeavours to better the position of working men, and from his sympathy with the

Chartist movement, he was often called the 'Chartist Prisoner.' He died in 1875. His best-known works are 'Alton Locke,' 'Yeast: a Problem,' 'Westward Ho!' 'Glaucus; or, the Wonders of the Shore,' The 'Water Babies,' and a poem, 'The Saint's Tragedy.'

THE TWO BREATHS.

I CALL this lesson 'The Two Breaths,' not merely 'The Breath,' and for this reason: every time you breathe, you breathe two different breaths; you take in one, you give out another. The composition of these two breaths is different. Their effects are different. The breath which has been breathed out must not be breathed in again.

That the breath breathed out is very different from the breath breathed in may be shown in many ways. For instance, if a child be allowed to get into the habit of sleeping with its head under the bed-clothes, and thereby breathing its own breath over and over again, that child will surely grow pale, weak, and ill. Medical men have cases on record of serious disease appearing in children previously healthy, which could only be accounted for from this habit, and which ceased when the habit stopped.

Take a second instance, which is only too common. If you are in a crowded room, with plenty of fires and lights, with doors and windows all shut tight, how often you feel faint—so faint that you may require smelling-salts or some other stimulant! The cause of your faintness is that you and your friends, and the fire and the candles, have been all breathing one another's breaths over and over again, till the air has become unfit to support life.

You are doing your best to enact over again the

Highland tragedy, when, at a Christmas meeting, thirty-six persons danced all night in a small room with a low ceiling, keeping the doors and windows shut. The atmosphere of the room was noxious beyond description; and the effect was that seven of the party were soon after seized with typhus fever, of which two died.

You are inflicting on yourselves the torments of the poor dog who is kept at the Grotto del Cane, near Naples, to be stupefied, for the amusement of visitors, by the carbonic acid gas of the grotto, and brought to life again by being dragged into the fresh air.

Nay, you are inflicting upon yourselves the torments of the famous Black Hole of Calcutta; and if there were no chimney in the room by which some fresh air could enter, the candles would soon burn blue, as they do, you know, when—according to the story-books—ghosts appear; your brains would become disturbed; and you yourselves would run the risk of becoming ghosts, and the candles of actually going out.

Of this last fact there is no doubt; for if you put a lighted candle into a close box, and, while you take *in* breath from the outer air, send *out* breath through a tube into the box, however gently, you will in a short time put the candle out.

Now, what is the difference between the breath you take in and the breath you give out? The breath which you take in is, or ought to be, pure air, composed, on the whole, of oxygen and nitrogen, with a minute portion of carbonic acid gas.

That this is a fact, you can prove for yourself by a simple experiment. Get a little lime-water at the drug-

gist's, and breathe into it through a glass tube : your breath will at once make the lime-water milky. The carbonic acid gas of your breath has laid hold of the lime, and made it visible as white carbonate of lime—in plain English, as common chalk.

Now, I do not wish you to load your memories with scientific terms ; but I beseech you to remember at least these two—oxygen gas and carbonic acid gas ; and to remember that as surely as oxygen feeds the fire of life, so surely does carbonic acid put it out.

I say 'the fire of life.' Why does our breath produce a similar effect upon animal life and the lighted candle ? Every one of us is, as it were, a living fire. Were we not, how could we be always warmer than the air outside us ? There is a process going on perpetually in each of us, similar to that by which coal is burnt in the fire, oil in a lamp, and wax in a candle. To keep each of these fires alight, oxygen is needed ; and the products of combustion, as they are called, are more or less the same in each case—carbonic acid gas and steam.

These facts justify the expression I just made use of : that the fire and the candles in the crowded room were breathing the same breath as you were. It is but too true. An average fire requires, to keep it burning, as much oxygen as several human beings do ; each candle or lamp must have its share of oxygen likewise, and that a very considerable one ; and an average gas-burner consumes as much oxygen as several candles. All alike are making carbonic acid gas.

And now, what becomes of this breath which passes from your lips ? Is it merely harmful ? merely waste ?

No! The carbonic acid gas which passes from your lips at every breath is a precious boon to thousands of things which we daily need. Indeed, there is a sort of hint at physical truth in the old fairy tale of the girl from whose lips, as she spoke, fell pearls and diamonds.

For, though you must not breathe your breath again, you may enjoy its fragrance and its colour in the lily and the rose. When you walk in a sunlit garden, every word you speak, every breath you breathe, is feeding the plants and flowers around. The delicate surface of the green leaves absorbs the carbonic acid gas, and parts it into its elements, retaining the carbon to make woody fibre, and courteously returning you the oxygen to mingle with the fresh air, and be inhaled by your lungs once more.

Thus you feed the plants and the plants feed you, while the great life-giving sun feeds both: and the geranium standing in the sick child's window not merely rejoices the eye and mind by its beauty and freshness, but honestly repays the trouble spent on it; absorbing the breath which the child needs not, and giving to him the breath which he needs.

Black Hole of Calcutta: a dungeon in Fort William, Calcutta, eighteen feet square, having two barred windows. Here, June 20, 1756, one hundred and forty-six British prisoners were shut up by their captors for the night. Only twenty-three survived till morning.

boon: gift; benefit.

com-po-si-tion: that which is formed by putting together. }

com-bus'-tion: the act of burning.
court'-e-ous-ly: politely.

ex-per'-i-ment: an act done to test or prove.

Grotto del Cane (*kà-nā*) is Italian for *dog's cave*.

nox'-ious: hurtful; harmful.

per-pet'-u-al-ly: constantly; continually.

stim'-u-lant: that which excites.

trag'-e-dy: a fatal and mournful event.



6. THE JAGUAR.

THE jaguar is found in all the tropical parts of North and South America. While it bears a considerable likeness to the tiger, both in shape and habits, the markings

of its skin are quite different. Instead of being striped like the tiger, the skin of the jaguar is beautifully spotted.

Each spot resembles a rosette, and consists of a black ring with a single dark coloured spot in the middle. Jaguars are not always of the same colour; some have skins of an orange colour, and these are the most beautiful. Others are lighter coloured; and a few have been seen that are very nearly white. There is a 'black jaguar,' which is thought to be of a different species. It is larger and fiercer than the other kinds, and is found only in South America. This animal is more dreaded by the inhabitants than the other kinds, and is said always to attack man wherever it may encounter him.

Its roar produces terror and confusion amongst all the other beasts, and causes them to flee in every direction. It is never heard by the natives without a feeling of fear—and no wonder; for a year does not pass without a number of these people falling victims to its ferocity.

It is difficult for one living in a country where such fierce animals are unknown, to believe that they have an influence over man to such an extent as to prevent him settling in a particular place; yet such is the fact. In many parts of South America, not only plantations, but whole villages have been abandoned solely from fear of the jaguars.

There are men, however, who can deal single-handed with the jaguar, and who do not fear to attack the brute in its own haunts. They do not trust to fire-arms, but to sharp spears.

On their left arm they carry a strong shield. This

shield is held forward, and is usually seized by the jaguar. While it is busied with this, the hunter thrusts at the animal with the spear, and generally with deadly effect.

A traveller in South America relates the following incident as having come under his observation :—

‘ Desiring to witness a jaguar hunt, I employed two well-known Indian hunters, and set out for the forest. The names of these hunters were Niño and Guapo. Both of them had long been accustomed to hunt the jaguar, and I felt perfectly safe in their company.

‘ Guapo was a man of wonderful muscular power, and had the reputation of having at one time killed a black jaguar with only a stout club.

‘ Some hours after we had entered the forest, the quick eye of Guapo discovered the trail of a large jaguar, which he assured me was recently made.

‘ Stopping for a moment, both Guapo and Niño looked carefully about in every direction, and listened attentively, in order that they might see or hear the animal if he were near. Then motioning me to follow at a little distance behind them, they stepped off quietly in the direction of the trail, Guapo being about thirty feet in advance of Niño.

‘ We went forward in this manner several hundred yards, not a word being spoken, and the keen eyes of the hunters constantly on the alert.

‘ Guapo, in the meantime, who became more and more excited as he approached the place where he thought the animal must be, had increased the distance between himself and Niño considerably. Suddenly a terrific roar,

and at the same time a cry of pain and a shout, warned us that Guapo had met the jaguar.

‘Niño bounded forward, and I followed as quickly as I could. A fearful sight met our eyes! The jaguar, which had been hiding in the branches of a large tree, had sprung down upon Guapo, and fastened its terrible teeth in his thigh.

‘With a shout filled with fury and determination, Niño at once sprang forward, and savagely attacked the beast with his spear. This caused the jaguar to let go its hold of Guapo, who, made furious from the pain of the wound the animal had given him, turned, and with his spear attacked it with a mad ferocity as savage as that of the beast itself.

‘In a moment all was over, and the jaguar lay dead at our feet. I dressed Guapo’s wound as best I could, while Niño took the skin from the body of the animal, which proved to be nearly eight feet long.

‘We returned very slowly to the village with the wounded man and our prize. In a few weeks Guapo had entirely recovered from his wounds, and was ready for another hunt.’

a-ban'-don: leave; desert; forsake.

ac-cus'-tom-ed: trained or used to.

al-ert': on one's guard; on the watch.

de-ter-mi-na'-tion: purpose; decision.

en-count'-er: to meet face to face.

fe-ro-ci-ty: fierceness; cruelty; fury.

haunt: a place to which one frequently resorts; a den.

in'-ci-dent: that which happens.

mus'-cu-lar pow'-er: strength.

ob-ser-va'-tion: notice; attention.

plan-ta'-tions: land planted or brought under cultivation.

re'-cent-ly: not long since; lately.

re-pu-ta'-tion: honour; fame.

ro-sette': something that looks like a little rose.

spe'-cies: sort; kind.

trail: track or marks of footsteps.

trop'-ic-al parts: where the sun is directly over head at some part of the year; the hottest parts of the earth.

GRAMMAR NOTES AND EXERCISES.*

1. *Learn* :—A *Simple sentence* contains only one finite verb, as :

London is on the Thames.

2. When two or more independent sentences are joined by a conjunction the whole sentence is then called *Compound*, as : *London is on the Thames and Paris is on the Seine.*

3. *Analyse the following compound sentences :*

(1) The olden times have passed away,

And weary are the new.

(2) The monarch saw, and shook,

An babe no more rejoice ;

All bloodless waxed his look,

And tremulous his voice.

7. A CHASE IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

(From 'The Pilot,' by James Fenimore Cooper.)

James Fenimore Cooper, an American novelist, was born in 1789. A passion for the sea and a love of adventure led him to enter the navy in 1805 as a midshipman, and he remained in it for six years. Within fifteen years he produced '**The Spy**,' '**The Pioneers**,' '**The Pilot**,' and '**The Last of the Mohicans**,' thus proving his claim to the character of an original and powerful novelist. He wrote a large number of other works and died in 1851.

The ship which the American frigate had now to oppose was a vessel of near her own size and equipage ; and when Griffith looked at her again, he perceived that she had made her preparations to assert her equality in manful fight.

Her sails had been gradually reduced to the usual quantity, and, by certain movements on her decks, the lieutenant and his constant attendant, the Pilot, well understood that she only wanted to lessen the distance a few hundred yards to begin the action.

'Now spread everything,' whispered the stranger.

Griffith applied the trumpet to his mouth, and shouted, in a voice, that was carried even to his enemy, 'Let fall—out with your booms—sheet home—hoist away of everything !'

The inspiring cry was answered by a universal bustle. Fifty men flew out on the dizzy heights of the different spars, while broad sheets of canvas rose as suddenly along the masts, as if some mighty bird were spreading its wings. The Englishman instantly perceived his mistake, and he answered the artifice by a roar of artillery. Griffith watched the effects of the broadside with an absorbing interest as the shot whistled above his head; but when he perceived his masts untouched, and the few unimportant ropes only that were cut, he replied to the uproar with a burst of pleasure.

A few men were, however, seen clinging with wild frenzy to the cordage, dropping from rope to rope, like wounded birds fluttering through a tree, until they fell heavily into the ocean, the sullen ship sweeping by them in a cold indifference. At the next instant, the spars and masts of their enemy exhibited a display of men similar to their own, when Griffith again placed the trumpet to his mouth, and shouted aloud, 'Give it to them; drive them from their yards, boys; scatter them with your grape; unreeve their rigging!'

The crew of the American wanted little encouragement to enter on this experiment with hearty good-will, and the close of his cheering words was uttered amid the deafening roar of his own cannon. The Pilot had, however, mistaken the skill and readiness of their foe; for, notwithstanding the disadvantageous circumstances under which the Englishman increased his sail, the duty was steadily and dexterously performed.

The two ships were now running rapidly on parallel lines, hurling at each other their instruments of destruc-

tion with furious industry, and with severe and certain loss to both, though with no manifest advantage in favour of either. Both Griffith and the Pilot witnessed, with deep concern, this unexpected defeat of their hopes ; for they could not conceal from themselves that each moment lessened their velocity through the water, as the shot of the enemy stripped the canvas from the yards or dashed aside the lighter spars in their terrible progress.

‘ We find our equal here,’ said Griffith to the stranger. ‘ The ninety is heaving up again like a mountain ; and if we continue to shorten sail at this rate she will soon be down upon us ! ’

‘ You say true, sir,’ returned the Pilot, musing : ‘ the man shows judgment as well as spirit ; but——’ He was interrupted by Merry, who rushed from the forward part of the vessel, his whole face betokening the eagerness of his spirit and the importance of his intelligence.

‘ The breakers ! ’ he cried, when nigh enough to be heard amid the din ; ‘ we are running dead on a ripple, and the sea is white not two hundred yards ahead.’

The Pilot jumped on a gun, and, bending to catch a glimpse through the smoke, he shouted, in those clear, piercing tones that could be even heard among the roaring of the cannon :

‘ Port, port your helm ! we are on the Devil’s Grip ! Pass up the trumpet, sir, port your helm, fellow ; give it to them, boys—give it to the proud English dogs ! ’

Griffith unhesitatingly relinquished the symbol of his rank, fastening his own firm look on the calm but quick eye of the Pilot, and gathering assurance from the high

confidence he read in the countenance of the stranger. The seamen were too busy with their cannon and the rigging to regard the new danger ; and the frigate entered one of the dangerous passes of the shoals, in the heat of a severely contested battle.

The wondering looks of a few of the older sailors glanced at the sheets of foam that flew by them, in doubt whether the wild gambols of the waves were occasioned by the shot of the enemy, when suddenly the noise of cannon was succeeded by the sullen wash of the disturbed element, and presently the vessel glided out of her smoky shroud, and was boldly steering in the centre of the narrow passages.

For ten breathless minutes longer the Pilot continued to hold an uninterrupted sway, during which the vessel ran swiftly by ripples and breakers, by streaks of foam and darker passages of deep water, when he threw down his trumpet and exclaimed :—

‘What threatened to be our destruction has proved our salvation. Keep yonder hill crowned with wood one point open from the church tower at its base, and steer east and by north ; you will run through these shoals on that course in an hour, and by so doing you will gain five leagues of your enemy, who will have to double their trail.’

Every officer in the ship, after the breathless suspense of uncertainty had passed, rushed to those places where a view might be taken of their enemies. The ninety was still steering boldly onward, and had already approached the two-and-thirty, which lay a helpless wreck, rolling on the unruly seas that were rudely toss-

ing her on their wanton billows. The frigate last engaged was running along the edge of the ripple, with her torn sails flying loosely in the air, her ragged spars tottering in the breeze, and everything above her hull exhibiting the confusion of a sudden and unlooked-for check to her progress.

The exulting taunts and mirthful congratulations of the seamen, as they gazed at the English ships, were, however, soon forgotten in the attention that was required to their own vessel. The drums beat the retreat, the guns were lashed, the wounded again removed, and every individual able to keep the deck was required to lend his assistance in repairing the damages to the frigate and securing her masts.

The promised hour carried the ship safely through all the dangers, which were much lessened by daylight; and by the time the sun had begun to fall over the land, Griffith, who had not quitted the deck during the day, beheld his vessel once more cleared of the confusion of the chase and battle, and ready to meet another foe.

art'-i-fice: a trick.

as-til'-lery: cannon; great guns.

broad'-side: all the guns on one side of a ship fired at once.

booms: long spars or pieces of wood by which the sails are extended.

can'-vas: the sails.

e'-qui-page: armament.

fri'-gate: a small man-of-war, less than a line-of-battle ship.

grape: a small kind of cannon ball.

in-di-vid'-u-al: one.

in-tel'-li-gence: news; information.

lieu-ten'-ant: an officer next in rank to a captain.

nine'-ty: a man-of-war which carries ninety big guns.

shoal: shallow water.

symbol of his rank: the speaking-trumpet through which orders are given.

trum'-pet: a speaking-trumpet.

ve-loc'-i-ty: rate of motion.

GRAMMAR NOTES AND EXERCISES.

1. *Learn* :—Conjunctions that join sentences of equal rank are called *Co-ordinate*.

2. The chief co-ordinate conjunctions are :—*and, but, yet, or, nor, either, neither, also, besides*.

3. *Notice* : Sometimes independent sentences stand side by side and the conjunction is omitted.

4. *Analyse the following* :

- (1) Chaldaea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
- (2) The way was long, the wind
was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek and tresses
gray,
Seemed to have known a better
day.

8. THE KINGFISHER.

(From 'Homes without Hands,' by Rev. J. G. Wood.)

THIS lovely bird, which is one of the few native British species that can vie with the bright-feathered denizens of the tropics, is happily very plentiful in England, scarcely any stream or lake being without its kingfishers.

All who are fond of angling, or of walking by the side of streams, must have noticed the kingfisher as it sits motionless on a stone or overhanging branch, peering eagerly into the water beneath, and watching the fish as they pass and repass its place of vantage. Brilliant in colour though the bird may be, its azure back and red belly seldom betray it except to a practised eye, so immovable is its attitude. Suddenly, down it drops into the water, splashes furiously for a few seconds, emerges with a small fish in its mouth, and then returns to land.

Sometimes it seeks again the perch from which it descended, and then, throwing in the air the fish which has all the while been held across the beak, catches it dexterously head downwards, swallows it with a few eager gulps, and then looks out for another victim. Sometimes it darts with lightning speed along the bank,

and, with a quick flash of the azure plumage, settles for a moment upon the bank, looks cautiously round, and then pops swiftly into a little hole.



THE KINGFISHER.

Into this hole we will follow the bird. She always chooses her residence by the water side, and selects for building her nest the deserted hole of some burrowing

animal. Generally the nest is placed in the deserted burrow of a water-vole. In all cases, the bird takes care to increase the size of the burrow at the spot where the nest is made, and to choose a burrow that slopes upwards, so that however high the water may rise the nest will be perfectly dry.

That the eggs are laid upon dry fish-bones is a fact that has long been known, but for an accurate account of the nest we are indebted to Mr. Gould, the eminent ornithologist.

Having discovered the retreat of a kingfisher, and ascertained by digging down upon the nest that the bird was laying, he replaced the earth, and waited for three weeks before attempting any further operations. The chief difficulty was, of course, to prevent the earth from falling into the nest, and becoming mixed with the delicate bones of which it was composed. In order to obviate such a mishap, Mr. Gould introduced a quantity of cotton-wool into the burrow, pushing it to the extremity with a fishing-rod. He then dug down upon the nest and captured the female, who was sitting upon eight eggs. With very great care he removed the fragile nest, and transferred it to the British Museum,¹ where it may be seen by anyone who will look for it in the room devoted to such objects.

The nest is composed wholly of fish-bones, minnows furnishing the greater portion. These bones are ejected by the bird when the flesh is digested, just as an owl ejects the pellets on which her eggs are laid. The walls

¹ The Natural History Section of the British Museum has been removed to Kensington.

of the nest are about half an inch in thickness, and its form is very flat. The circular shape and slight hollow show that the bird really forms the mass of bones into a nest, and does not merely lay her eggs at random on the fish-bones. The whole of these bones were deposited and arranged in the short space of three weeks.

ac'-cur-ate: correct.

as-cer-tain'-ed: found out; made certain.

at'-ti-tude: posture.

a'-zure: blue.

bur'-row-ing: that digs out a hole in the ground, in which to build its nest.

de-pos'-it-ed: laid.

den'-i-zens: inhabitants.

dex'-ter-ous-ly: cleverly.

e-ject'-ed: cast out.

e-mer'-ges: comes out again.

gulp: act of swallowing.

im-mo'-va-ble: without movement.

ob'-vi-ate: prevent.

or-nith-ol'-o-gist: one who studies the habits of birds.

pel'-lets: small balls.

plum'-age: feathers.

trans-fer'-red: carried to.

water-vole: water-rat.

9 MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

William Cowper (1731-1800) was brought up to the profession of the law, but he was unable to continue it. His mind was overcast with great sadness and gloom, which at last deepened into insanity. He did not begin his literary career until he had reached his fiftieth year. His longest poem is 'The Task.' His style is quiet and simple, but it readily awakens the sympathy of the reader.

O THAT those lips had language! Life has pass'd

With me but roughly since I heard thee last.

Those lips are thine---thy own sweet smile I see,

The same, that oft in childhood solaced me;

Voice only fails, else how distinct they say, 5

'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!'

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes

(Blest be the art that can immortalise,

The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim

To quench it) here shines on me still the same. 10

My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,

Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?

Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah that maternal smile ! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu ;
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more !
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived ;
By expectation every day beguil'd,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwell our name is heard no more.
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet-mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.

Short-lived possession ! but the record fair,
 That memory keeps of all thy kindness there, 45
 Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
 A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid ;
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home, 50
 The biscuit, or confectionery plum ;
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd :
 All this, and more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall. 55
 Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
 That humour interposed too often makes ;
 All this still legible in memory's page,
 And still to be so to my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay 60
 Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere ;
 Not scorn'd in Heaven, though little noticed here.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
 (The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd), 65
 Shoots into port at some well haven'd isle,
 Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
 There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
 While airs impregnated with incense play 70
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ;
 So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reach'd the
 shore,
 ' Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,'

And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
 Of life, long since has anchor'd by thy side. 75
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
 Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
 Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
 Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
 And day by day some current's thwarting force 80
 Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous course.
 Yet O, the thought, that thou art safe, and he !
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
 And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee, 85
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
 Thys'lf removed, thy power to soothe me left.

ar'-dent-ly: eagerly; passionately.

airs im-preg'-na-ted with in'-cense:
 breezes filled with sweet-smelling
 particles.

bau'-ble: gay; showy.

be-guiled': deceived; cheated.

boun'-ties: gifts.

con-fec'-tion-e-ry plum: a pre-
 paration of fruit with sugar; a
 sugar-plum.

con'-sort: companion; husband.

de-plored': grieved; mourned for.

de'-vi-ous: wandering; rambling.

ef-faced': removed from the mind;
 rubbed out.

ex-pec-ta'-tion: the state of await-
 ing or looking forward for some-
 thing.

bu'-mour: temper; whim.

im-mor'-tal-ise: make never
 ending; enduring.

leg'-i-ble: capable of being read.

mim'-ic show: imitation; portrait.

qui-es-cent: quiet; at rest.

sol'-aced: cheered; comforted.

tyr-an'-nic: cruel; unjustly severe.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. What **Latin Prefixes** are used
 in the following words?—*intelli-
 gence, immortality, disappointed,
 submission, circuit.*

2. Give the **meanings** and show
 the use of the **Latin Prefixes** in
 Question 1.

3. Point out the **Prefixes** in the
 following words and say of what
 kind they are: *away, unfelt,
 adieu, unknown, return, beguiled,
 outlines, constant, interposed, im-
 pregnated, devious, succeeded, at-
 tain, submission.*

10. THE MANGROVE FOREST.

(From 'Westward Ho!' by Charles Kingsley.)

THEY towed the ship up about half a mile, to a point where she could not be seen from the seaward, and there moored her to the mangrove-stems. Amyas ordered a boat out, and went up the river himself, to reconnoitre. He rowed some three miles, till the river narrowed



A MANGROVE FOREST.

suddenly, and was all but covered in by the interlacing boughs of mighty trees. There was no sign that man had been there since the making of the world.

The night-mist began to steam and wreath upon the foul, beer-coloured stream. The loathy floor of liquid mud lay bare beneath the mangrove forest. Upon the endless web of interarching roots great purple crabs were

crawling up and down. They would have supped with pleasure on Amyas's corpse ; perhaps they might sup on him, after all, for a heavy, sickening, graveyard smell made his heart sink within him ; and his weary body, and more weary soul, gave themselves up helplessly to the depressing influence of that doleful place.

The black bank of dingy leathern leaves above his head, the endless labyrinth of stems and withes (for every bough had lowered its own living cord to take fresh hold of the foul soil below), the web of roots, which stretched away inland till it was lost in the shades of evening - all seemed one horrid complicated trap for him and his ; and even where, here and there, he passed the mouth of a lagoon, there was no opening, no relief,--- nothing but the dark ring of mangroves, and here and there an isolated group of large and small, parents and children, breeding and spreading, as if in hideous haste to choke out air and sky.

Wailing sadly, sad-coloured mangrove-hens ran off across the mud into the dreary dark. The hoarse night-raven, hid among the roots, startled the voyagers with a sudden shout, and then all was again silent as the grave. The loathly alligators, lounging in the slime, lifted their horny eyelids lazily and leered upon him as he passed, with stupid savageness. Lines of tall herons stood dimly in the growing gloom, like white fantastic ghosts watching the passage of the doomed boat.

All was foul, sullen, weird as witches' dream. If Amyas had seen a crew of skeletons glide down the stream behind him, with Satan standing at the helm, he would have scarcely been surprised. What fitter craft

could haunt that Stygian flood? That night every man of the boat's crew, save Amyas, was down with raging fever.

al'-li-ga-tor : an animal of the crocodile family found in America.	la-goön : a shallow lake into which the sea flows.
com'-pli-cat-ed : puzzling.	lab'-y-rinth : a place full of winding passages.
fan-tas'-tic : queer; strange in shape.	re-con-noi'-tre : to go in advance and look at carefully.
in-ter-arch'-ing : one arch twisted or bent into another.	Sty'-gi-an : relating to <i>Styx</i> , the river in Hades over which departed souls were said to be ferried.
is'-o-lat-ed : cut off or placed by itself, as an island is (L. <i>insula</i> = an island).	withes : shoots of the willow.

11. BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA.

ONE moonlight winter's evening I called upon Beethoven, for I wanted him to take a walk, and afterwards sup with me. In passing through some dark, narrow street, he paused suddenly.

'Hush!' he said, 'what sound is that? It is from my sonata in F!' he said eagerly. 'Hark! how well it is played!'

It was a little, mean dwelling; and we paused outside and listened; the player went on, but presently there was a sudden break, then the voice of sobbing. 'I cannot play any more; it is so beautiful, it is utterly beyond my power to do it justice. Oh, what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne!'

'Ah, my sister,' said her companion, 'why create regrets when there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay our rent.'

'You are right, and yet I wish for once in my life to hear some really good music. But it is of no use.'

Beethoven looked at me. 'Let us go in,' he said.

'Go in!' I exclaimed. 'What can we go in for?'

'I will play to her,' he said, in an excited tone. 'Here is feeling—genius—understanding. I will play to her and she will understand it.' And before I could prevent him his hand was upon the door.

A pale young man was sitting by the table making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned harpsichord, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her bent face. Both were cleanly but very poorly dressed, and both started and turned towards us as we entered.

'Pardon me,' said Beethoven, 'but I heard music and was tempted to enter. I am a musician.'

The girl blushed and the young man looked grave—somewhat annoyed.

'I—I also overheard something of what you said,' continued my friend. 'You wish to hear—that is, you would like—that is—shall I play for you?'

There was something so odd in the whole affair, and something so comic and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the spell was broken in a moment, and all smiled involuntarily.

'Thank you!' said the shoemaker; 'but our harpsichord is so wretched, and we have no music.'

'No music!' echoed my friend. 'How, then, does——'

He paused, and coloured up, for the girl looked full at him, and he saw that she was blind.

'I—I entreat your pardon!' he stammered. 'But I had not perceived before. Then you play by ear?'

‘ Entirely.’

‘ And where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?’

‘ I used to hear a lady practising near us. During the summer evenings her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her.’

She seemed shy; so Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the instrument, and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow—how grand he would be that night. And I was not mistaken.

Never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother. He was inspired; and from the instant when his fingers began to wander along the keys the very tone of the instrument began to grow sweeter and more equal.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the harpsichord, as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical sweet sounds. It was as if we were all bound in a strange dream, and only feared to wake.

Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, and the illumination fell strongly upon the player. But the chain of his ideas seemed to have been broken by the accident.

His head dropped upon his breast ; his hands rested upon his knees ; he seemed absorbed in meditation.

At length the young shoemaker rose and approached him eagerly, yet reverently. ‘Wonderful man!’ he said in a low tone, ‘who and what are you?’ The composer smiled as he only could smile, benevolently, indulgently, kindly. ‘Listen!’ he said, and he played the opening bars of his sonata in F.

A cry of delight and recognition burst from them both, and exclaiming, ‘Then you are Beethoven!’ they covered his hands with tears and kisses. He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties. ‘Play to us once more—only once more!’

He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly through the window, and lit up his glorious, rugged head and massive figure. ‘I will play a sonata to the moonlight!’ said he, looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars. Then his hands dropped on the keys, and he began playing a sad and lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth.

This was followed by a wild passage in triple time, like the dance of sprites upon the sward. At last came a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, which carried us away on its rustling wings, and left us all in emotion and wonder.

‘Farewell to you!’ said Beethoven, pushing back his chair and turning towards the door. ‘Farewell to you!’

‘You will come again?’ asked they in one breath.

He paused, and looked compassionately, almost tenderly, at the face of the blind girl. ‘Yes, yes,’ he

said hurriedly, 'I will come again; farewell! I will soon come again!'

They followed us in silence more eloquent than words, and stood at their door till we were out of sight and hearing.

'Let us make haste back,' said Beethoven, 'that I may write out that sonata while I can yet remember it.' We did so, and he sat over it till long past day dawn. And this was the origin of the famous Moonlight Sonata.

Bee'-tho-ven: (Bä'-to-ven) a famous composer of music.
be-ne'-vol-ent-ly: with good will.
Col-ogne': a large town on the river Rhine.
com-pas'-sion-ate-ly: with pity.
e-mo'-tion: excitement.
ge'-ni-us: great natural ability; intelligence; understanding.
harp'-si-chord: an old-fashioned musical instrument like a piano.
il-lu-min-a'-tion: light; brightness.

in-dulg'-ent-ly: mildly; kindly.
mag'-ic-al: amazing; wonderful.
med-i-ta'-tion: reflection; musing; thought.
or'-i-gin: commencement; beginning.
rapt'-ure: delight; pleasure.
re-cog-ni'-tion: being known.
rev'-er-ent-ly: with great respect.
so-na'-ta: a musical composition for one or two instruments.
sprites: spirits; fairies.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. Pick out the **Latin Prefixes** in the following words and give their meanings:—*exclaimed, prevent, involuntarily, inspired, admitting, recognition, emotion.*

2. Give the meanings of the **Latin Prefixes**:—*ac, non, per, pro,*

sug, il, and give an example of the use of each.

3. Take away the **Prefixes** from the following words and show what changes take place in their meanings:—*unboiled, immature, predispose, supercargo, disembarass.*

12. GLIMPSES OF SCIENCE.

(From 'The Five Gateways of Knowledge,'¹ by Dr. George Wilson.)

George Wilson, M.D. (1818-1859), was born in Edinburgh. He acquired great reputation as a writer and lecturer on science. His chief works are '**Elementary Treatise on Chemistry**' and '**Electricity and Electric Telegraph.**'

¹ The Five Gateways are the Five Senses.

THE HAND.

TOUCH, as embodied in the hand, is in many respects the most wonderful of the senses. The organs of the other senses are passive: the organ of touch alone is active. The eye, the ear, and the nostril stand simply open; light, sound, and fragrance enter, and we are compelled to see, to hear, and to smell: but the hand selects what it shall touch, and touches what it pleases.

It puts away from it the things which it desires—unlike the eye, which must often gaze transfixed at horrible sights from which it cannot turn; and the ear, which cannot escape from the torture of discordant sounds; and the nostril, which cannot protect itself from hateful odours.

Moreover, the hand cares not only for its own wants, but, when the other organs of the senses are rendered useless, takes their duties upon it. The hand of the blind man goes with him as an eye through the streets, and safely threads for him all the devious way; it looks for him at the faces of his friends, and tells him whose kindly features are gazing on him; it peruses books for him, and quickens the long hours by its silent readings.

It ministers as willingly to the deaf; and when the tongue is dumb and the ear stopped, its fingers speak eloquently to the eye, and enable it to discharge the unwonted office of a listener.

The organs of all the senses, even in their greatest perfection, are indebted to the hand for the further increase of their powers. It constructs for the eye a copy of itself, and thus gives it a telescope with which to range

among the stars; and by another copy on a different plan furnishes it with a microscope, and introduces it into a new world of wonders.

It constructs for the ear the instruments by which it is educated, and sounds them in its hearing till its powers are trained to the full. It plucks for the nostril the flower which it longs to smell, and distils for it the fragrance which it covets. As for the tongue, if it had not the hand to serve it, it might abdicate its throne as the lord of taste. In short, the organ of touch is the minister of its sister senses, and is the handmaid of them all.

And if the hand thus munificently serves the body, not less amply does it give expression to the genius and the wit, the courage and the affection, the will and the power of man. Put a sword into it, and it will fight for him; put a plough into it, and it will till for him; put a harp into it, and it will play for him; put a pencil into it, and it will paint for him; put a pen into it, and it will speak for him, plead for him, pray for him. •

What will it not do? What has it not done? A steam-engine is but a larger hand, made to extend its powers by the little hand of man. An electric telegraph is but a longer pen for that little hand to write with. All our huge cannon and other weapons of war, with which we so effectually slay our brethren, are only Cain's hand made bigger, and stronger, and bloodier.

What, moreover, is a ship, a railway, a lighthouse, or a palace—what, indeed, is a whole city, a whole continent of cities, all the cities of the globe, nay, the very globe itself, in so far as man has changed it, but the

work of that giant hand with which the human race, acting as one mighty man, has executed its will?

When I think of all that human hands have done of good and evil, I lift up my own hand and gaze upon it with wonder and awe. What an instrument for good it is! what an instrument for evil! And all the day long it never is idle. We unwisely restrict the term 'handicraftsman,' or hand-worker, to the more laborious callings. It belongs to all honest, earnest men and women, and is a title which each should covet.

For the carpenter's hand there is the saw, and for the smith's hand the hammer; for the farmer's hand, the spade; for the sailor's hand, the oar; for the painter's hand, the brush; for the sculptor's hand, the chisel; for the poet's hand, the pen. For each of us there is some instrument we may learn to handle; for all there is the command, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'

de'-vi-ous: out of the straight line;
winding.

dis-cord'-ant: harsh; jarring.

dis-till': lets fall in drops.

ef-fect'-u-al-ly: thoroughly.

el'-o-quent-ly: in a manner to

" please and persuade.

em-bod'-ied: displayed; shown
forth.

mu-nif'-i-cent-ly: in a generous
manner.

trans-fix'-ed: pierced through.

GRAMMAR NOTES AND EXERCISES.

1. *Learn:*—A sentence that depends upon another is called a *dependent* or *subordinate* sentence.

2. A sentence that takes the place of an *Adjective* is called a *Subordinate Adjective Sentence*.

3. An adjective sentence generally begins with a *Relative Pronoun*.

4. *Analyse the following:*—

(1) Never may I forget

The dream that haunts me yet.

(2) The nature in thine eyes we see,

That tyrants cannot own -
The love, that guardeth liberties;

Strange blessings on the nation
lies,

Whose sovereign wept,

Yea, wept to wear a crown.

13. EGYPT AND ITS RUINS.

EGYPT embraces a part of Africa occupied by the valley of the river Nile. For many centuries it was a thickly populated country, and at one time possessed great influence and wealth, and had reached an advanced state of civilisation. The history of Egypt extends through a period of about six thousand years. During this time great cities were built which flourished for hundreds of years. Owing to wars and changes of government many of these cities were destroyed, and nothing of them now remains but massive and extensive ruins.

Pyramids were built, obelisks erected, canals projected, and many other vast enterprises were carried out. Remains of these are to be seen to-day; some in ruins, some fairly preserved, and, altogether, they give present generations an idea of the wealth and power of the different dynasties under which they were built.

Not far from Cairo, which is now the principal city of Egypt, are the famous pyramids. These are of such immense proportions, that from a distance their tops seem to reach the clouds. They are constructed of blocks of stone. Some of these blocks are of great size, and how the builders put them into their places is a question we cannot answer. It is supposed that the construction of one of these pyramids required more than twenty years' labour from thousands of men.

The largest pyramid is 461 feet high, 746 feet long at the base, and covers more than twelve acres of ground. In all sixty-seven of these pyramids have been discovered and explored. They are the tombs in which the ancient

kings and their families were buried. In the interior of these pyramids, many chambers were constructed to contain their stone coffins. It has been calculated that one of the principal pyramids could contain 3,700 rooms of large size.

The bodies of those who were buried in the pyramids were preserved from decay by a secret process known only to the priests. After the bodies were prepared, they were wrapped in bands of fine linen, and on the inside of these was spread a peculiar kind of gum. There were sometimes a thousand yards of these bands on a single body. After they were thus prepared, a soft substance was placed around the bandaged body. This covering, when it hardened, kept the body in a complete state of preservation. These coverings are now called mummy-cases, and the bodies they enclose are called mummies. These bodies were finally placed in huge stone coffins, many of which were covered with curious carvings.

Some of these mummies have been found that are said to be over three thousand years old. However, when the wrappings have been removed from them, many of the bodies have been so well preserved that they exhibit the appearance of the features as in life. Large numbers of these mummies have been carried to other countries and placed in museums for exhibition.

The ancient Egyptians erected many obelisks in various parts of their country. These were monuments made from single pieces of hard stone, and in some cases reached a height of more than a hundred feet. They were placed before gateways leading to the principal temples and palaces, and were covered with curious carv-

THE SIXTH READER.

ings in the stone, representing the language of the people at that time. It thus appears that their written language was not composed of letters and words alone, like our



own, but that they used pictures of animals, including birds, human figures, and other devices of a singular nature, to express their thoughts and ideas. •

Until the year 1799 it was impossible for the scholars of modern nations to read this strange language. In that year, however, a stone tablet was discovered by a French engineer, containing an inscription written in three languages. One of these was in the characters of the ancient Egyptian, and another in those of the Greek. Upon translating the Greek writing, it was discovered to be a copy of the inscription in the Egyptian language. By comparing the words of these inscriptions with many others, the formation of this peculiar language was ascertained. It was then learned that the inscriptions on these obelisks were the records of memorable events and the heroic deeds of kings and heroes. Many of these obelisks have been taken away from Egypt and set up in other countries. One of the most famous, called Cleopatra's Needle, now stands on the Thames Embankment in London.

In their large cities the Egyptians built massive temples which were dedicated to religious ceremonies. Some of them, although now in ruins, are considered to be among the most remarkable productions of the ancients. Travellers who sail up the river Nile and visit the site of the city of Thebes, the ancient capital of Egypt, are struck with amazement at the vast ruins.

On the eastern side of the Nile lies what is left of the temple of Karnak. Imagine a long line of courts, gateways, and halls, with here and there an obelisk rising above the ruins, and shutting off the view of the forest of columns! This mass of ruins, some lying in huge heaps of stone, others perfect and painted as when they were first built, is approached on every side by avenues and



GREAT HALL, KARNAK.

gateways of colossal grandeur. The temple originally covered an area of two hundred and seventy acres, enclosed within a wall of brick.

The Great Hall of Karnak was 330 feet long and 170 feet wide. It was supported by 161 massive stone columns, of which the twelve central ones were 62 feet high and $34\frac{1}{2}$ feet in circumference. These enormous columns were covered with figures and paintings, the colours of which are still fresh, though they were laid on by hands that have been dust more than 3,000 years!

av'-en-ue: an alley of trees leading up to a house.

civ-i-li-sa'-tion: the state of being civilised or no longer sunk in barbarism.

col-oss'-al: of immense size; gigantic; like a *Colossus*.

mass'-ive: of great size; solid.

mu-se'-um: a collection of interest-

ing and valuable objects. (The chief is the British Museum in London.)

ob'-e-lisk: a tall, four-sided, tapering pillar cut off at the top.

pro-ject'-ed: planned; contrived (L. *pro* = before; *jacio* = to throw).

py'-ra-mid: a solid figure with triangular sides meeting in a point.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. What change is made in the meanings by adding, *dis* to *satisfied*, *over* to *reach*, *mis* to *becoming*, *un* to *reasonable*, *im* to *proper*, *super* to *fine*, *de* to *merit*?

2. Give the meanings of the **Prefixes**: - *contra*, *sub*, *pro*, *trans*,

circum, *sine*, *ultra*, *per*, and examples of their use in the construction of words.

3. What is the meaning of the **Prefix** *ad*? Give a list of words showing the various forms which *ad* assumes.

14. HELPS TO READ.

Byrom, John (1691-1763), an ingenious poet; many of his pieces are very humorous. He was also the inventor of a system of shorthand writing.

A CERTAIN artist—I forget his name—
Had got for making spectacles a frame,
Or ‘Helps to read,’ as, when they first were sold,
Was writ upon his glaring-sign in gold;

And, for all uses to be had from glass, 5
His were allowed, by readers, to surpass.

There came a man into his shop one day :
'Are you the spectacle-contriver, pray ?'
'Yes, sir,' said he : 'I can in that affair
Contrive to please you, if you want a pair.' 10
'Can you ? Pray do, then.' So, at first he chose
To place a youngish pair upon his nose ;
And book produced, to see how they would fit--
Asked how he liked 'em. 'Like 'em ? Not a bit.'

'Then, sir, I fancy—if you please to try— 15
These in my hand will better suit your eye.'
'No, but they don't.'---'Well, come, sir, if you please,
Here is another sort : we'll e'en try these ;
Still somewhat more they magnify the letter :
'Now, sir ?' 'Why, now, I'm not a bit the better !'
'No ? here, take these that magnify still more : 20
How do they fit ?' 'Like all the rest before.'

In short, they tried the whole assortment through,
But all in vain, for none of 'em would do.
The operator, much surprised to find 25
So odd a case, thought, 'Sure the man is blind.'
'What sort of eyes can yours be, friend ?' said he.
'Why, very good ones, friend, as you may see.'
'Yes, I perceive the clearness of the ball :
Pray, let me ask you, can you read at all ?' 30

'No, you great blockhead ! if I could, what need
Of paying you for any Helps to read ?'

And so he left the maker in a heat.
 Resolved to post him for an arrant cheat.

ar'-rant: down night.

as-sort'-ment: a number of things
 divided into classes or kinds.

heat: rage; passion.

mag'-ni-fy: make larger.

op'-er-a-tor: one who works; one
 who performs some act on the
 human body with the hand or
 instruments.

writ: written.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. Add **Latin Prefixes** to the following words:— *capture, claim, incumbent, face, fix, join, natural*.

2. Give a word in which each of the following **Prefixes** is used and show how they alter the mean-

ing of the word:—*dis, non, post, pro, in, im, contra, ab*.

3. What **Latin Prefixes** are used in the following words? *surpass, produced, perceive, resolved, affair, ambition*.

15. GLIMPSES OF SCIENCE.

(From 'The Five Gateways of Knowledge,' by Dr. George Wilson, M.D.)

THE EYE.

It is one of the privileges of man to have eyes. Many living creatures have none. The eyes, for example, which the star-fishes have, are mere sensitive points dimly conscious of light and darkness, but not perceiving colours or distinguishing forms. The eyes of flies are hard horny lanterns which cannot be moved about like our restless eyes, but look always in the same direction; whilst spiders, having many more things to look after than one pair of such lanterns will suffice for, have eyes stuck all over their heads, and can watch a gnat with one eye and peer through a hole in their webs with another.

We are much better provided for than any of these creatures, although we have but two small orbs to see

with. Think how beautiful the human eye is, excelling in beauty the eye of any other creature.

Yet the eyes of many of the lower animals are very beautiful. You must have admired the bold, fierce, bright eye of the eagle ; the large, gentle brown eye of the ox ; the green eye of the cat, waxing and waning like the moon, as the sun shines upon it or deserts it ; the pert eye of the sparrow ; the sly eye of the fox ; the peering little bead of black enamel in the mouse's head ; the gem-like eye which redeems the toad from ugliness ; and the intelligent, affectionate expression which looks out from the human-like eye of the horse and the dog.

There are these and the eyes of many other animals full of beauty ; there are none, indeed, which are not beautiful ; but there is a glory which excelleth in the eye of a man. We see this fully only when we gaze into the faces of those we love. It is their eyes we look at when we are near them, and recall when we are far away. The face is a blank without the eye.

But apart altogether from its beauty, the human eye is a wondrous construction. Let us glance for a moment at it. It is a hollow globe, or small round chamber. There is no human chamber like it in form, unless we include among human dwelling-places the great hollow balls which surmount the domes of St. Peter's and St. Paul's. The eye is such a ball.

The larger part of it, which we do not see, forms the white of the eye, and consists of a strong, thick, tough membrane, something like parchment, but more pliable. This forms the outer wall, as it were, of the chamber of the eye. It is strong, so that it cannot easily be injured ;

thick, so that light cannot pass through it; and round, so that it can be moved about in every direction, and let us see much better on all sides with a single pair of eyes than the spider can with its host of them.

In the front of the eye is a clear, transparent window, much like the glass of a watch. If you look at a face sideways, you see it projecting with a bent surface like a bow window. The eyelids may be compared to a pair of outside shutters for this window, which are put up when we go to sleep, and taken down when we awake. But these shutters are not useless. Every waking moment they are rising and falling, or, as we say, winking. We do this so often that we forget that we do it at all; but the object of this winking is a very important one.

An outside window soon gets soiled and dirty, and a careful shopkeeper cleans his windows every morning. But our eye-windows must never have so much as a speck or spot upon them; and the winking eyelid is the busy apprentice who, not once a day, but all the day, keeps the living glass clean: so that after all we are little worse off than the fishes, who bathe their eyes every moment.

Behind this ever-clean window, and at some distance from it, hangs that beautiful circular curtain which forms the coloured part of the eye, and in the centre of which is the pupil. It is named the iris, which is only another name for *rainbow*; for though we speak of eyes as simply blue, or gray, or black, because they have one prevailing tint, we cannot fail to notice that the ring of the eye is always mottled, and flecked or streaked with colours as the rainbow is.

The iris opens widest in utter darkness, and closes so as to make the pupil a mere black point when sunshine falls upon it. But probably all have seen the movement I am describing in the eyes of a cat, where the change is more visible than in our own eyes; and have noticed the broad iris spread out in twilight, till the look is softened into a mild glance; whilst, when pussy is basking in the sun, as she dearly loves to do, she shows between her frequent winkings only a narrow slit for a pupil, like the chink of a shutter.

The endless motions of this living curtain, which, like the restless sea, is ever changing its aspect, have for their object the regulation of the flow of light into the eye. When the permitted number of rays have passed through the guarded entrance or pupil, they traverse certain crystal-like structures, which are now to be described.

Behind the iris is a lens or magnifying-glass. This lens is enclosed in a transparent covering, which is so united at its edges to the walls of the eye, that it stretches like a piece of crystal between them; and in front of it, filling the space dividing the lens from the watchglass-like window, is a clear transparent liquid like water, in which the iris floats.

The lens is set like the jewel-stone of a ring, in what looks like a larger sphere of crystal, but which in reality is a clear liquid contained in an equally clear membrane; so that the greater part of the eye is occupied with liquid; and the chamber, after all, which it most resembles, is that of a diving-bell full of water.

Lastly, all the back part of the eye has, spread over

its inside surface, a fine white membrane resembling cambric or tissue-paper, and behind that a dark curtain ; so that it resembles a room with black cloth hung next the wall, and a white muslin curtain spread over the cloth. This curtain, seen alone, is like a flower cup, such as that of a white lily, and ends like it in a stem, which is called the optic nerve ; the stem in its turn, after passing through the black curtain, is planted in the brain, and is in living connection with it.

Altogether, then, our eye is a chamber shaped like a globe, having one large window provided with shutters outside, and with a self-adjusting blind within. It is filled with a glassy liquid, and has two wall-papers or curtains, one white and the other black.

ad-just'-ing : fitting ; arranging.

mem'-brane : a thin soft skin formed by fibres interwoven like network, and serving to cover some part of the body.

sen'-si-tive : having feeling.

St. Peter's : i.e. St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome, the largest Christian church in the world. The dome, designed about 1516 by the famous sculptor Michael Angelo, has a diameter of nearly two hundred feet.

St. Paul's : i.e. St. Paul's Cathedral in London, next to St. Peter's the largest of Christian edifices, was designed by the famous architect Sir Christopher Wren, and was finished in 1710. Its dome is one hundred and forty-five feet in diameter.

suf-fice' : to be enough ; to meet the wants of.

tra'-verse : pass over.

wan'-ing : decreasing in size.

wax'-ing : increasing in size.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. Pick out the **Latin Prefixes** in the following words and give their meanings : *perceiving, suffice, admired, surface, transparent, projecting.*

2. What are the **Latin Prefixes** which mean : *under, half, not,*

over, towards, against, down, almost ?

3. By the aid of **Prefixes** and the root **scribo** I write, make words which mean *to write under, to write over, to write around, to write across.*

16. LATOUR D'AUVERGNE.

PART I.

HEROIC deeds of bravery have been handed down to us by writers of all ages and countries, and nearly every nation has thus preserved the name and fame of one or more fearless souls, who, by some marvellous act of courage and fortitude, became famous in the annals of history.

The name of Latour d'Auvergne, a member of a regiment of grenadiers in the army of Napoleon, is one which is regarded by the French nation with pride, and which figures prominently in the history of its armies.

For many years after his death, his name was regularly called when the companies of his old regiment paraded for their roll-call.

Then it was that a sergeant stepped forward, and, saluting the commanding officer, said with a loud voice, 'Dead on the field of fame!'

To a stranger this daily incident could not but excite wonder, but to the soldiers of the army, and all others having knowledge of the circumstances which occasioned the strange proceeding, the words, 'Dead on the field of fame!' had a thrilling effect, and caused a momentary thought of veneration to flow back to the brave soldier who was thus proudly honoured.

This honour was, however, well merited. Latour d'Auvergne entered the army, for which he was educated, in the year 1767. Serving with marked distinction, he was frequently named for promotion, but uniformly

refused all such honours, being content to command a company of grenadiers, which appeared to be the extent of his ambition.

At one period in his career, when a number of companies of grenadiers were massed in one body, he was placed in command of eight thousand men, although he retained only the rank of captain. This caused him to be known as the 'First Grenadier of France.'

While on a visit to friends, he learned that a part of the Austrian army was rapidly pushing forward with the intention of possessing a mountain pass, to prevent an important movement the French army was then on the march to accomplish.

Latour d'Auvergne knew that the Austrians were only a few hours distant, and that they would pass the point at which he was staying. He did not intend to be captured, and immediately started off to the pass. He knew that it was defended by a small garrison, consisting of about thirty men, who were stationed in a strong tower at the entrance of the pass, and his object was to give these men warning of their danger.

On arriving at the tower, he found that the garrison had fled upon hearing of the advance of the Austrians, and that they had left behind them thirty muskets, all in prime order.

Latour d'Auvergne was made furious by this discovery. Hastily searching about the building, he found that the cowardly soldiers had destroyed a large part of the ammunition before leaving, a fact which caused him a moment of intense anxiety, but then, with a countenance indicating fearless determination, he fastened the

main entrance, and secured it with such heavy articles as were at hand.

He then proceeded coolly to load all the muskets, and place them, with an ample supply of ammunition, near the loopholes which commanded the pass, through which the enemy must march. Having some provisions with him he ate heartily, and then calmly awaited events. He had actually resolved to defend the tower *alone* against the Austrians.

The pass was steep and narrow, and the enemy could advance only in double files, which would expose them to a direct fire from the tower. Patiently Latour d'Auvergne awaited their approach, but they were long in coming, and he at one time concluded that the expedition had been abandoned.

am-mu-ni'-tion: articles used in charging firearms, as powder, shot and shells.

an'-nals: events.

file: a line; a row.

for'-ti-tude: strength of mind.

in'-ci-dent: event; act.

pa-rad'-ed: assembled in military order.

pro'-mi-nent-ly: in a way readily seen.

pro-vis'-ions: food

ven-er-a'-tion: highest degree of respect.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. Give the meanings of the **Prefixes** in: -- *adverb, pronoun, adjective, conjunction, interjection, preposition.*

2. What are the meanings of the **Prefixes** *ob, post, com, ad, subter,*

inter? Give a word in which each is used.

3. What force have the **Latin Prefixes** in the words: *prominently, circumstances, education, prevent, concluded, expedition?*

17. LATOUR D'AUVERGNE.

PART II.

ABOUT midnight the practised ear of the old soldier caught the sound of approaching troops. On they came, nearer

and nearer, until he heard them entering the narrow pass. He immediately discharged two muskets into the darkness as a warning that some one at the tower knew their intentions; then he heard the officers giving hasty commands, and the troops appeared to be retiring from the defile.

He was not further disturbed until morning. The commander of the Austrians, assuming that the garrison had received information of his approach and was prepared to resist him, concluded that he could not capture the tower by surprise as he had intended, and thought it was wise to postpone his attack until daylight.

Early in the morning he demanded the surrender of the garrison. A grenadier stepped forward to answer the messenger and said, 'Say to your commanding officer that this garrison will defend this pass to the last extremity.'

The bearer of the flag of truce returned, and shortly after, a piece of artillery was wheeled into the pass. In order to get a correct aim on the tower it was necessary to place it in front, and directly within easy musket range. No sooner had it been put in position than rapid firing from the tower opened on the artillerymen, and was continued with such deadly precision that the cannon was hauled off after two or three discharges with a loss of five men.

Finding that the artillery could not be used effectively, the Austrian commander determined on an assault. As the troops entered the pass, the firing from the tower opened again with such vigour and accuracy that fifteen



men fell, killed or disabled, before half the distance was reached.

In like manner three more assaults were repulsed, and ere sunset the enemy had lost forty-five men in killed and wounded.

As night approached the Austrian commander again demanded the surrender of the garrison. This time he received a favourable reply. The garrison proposed to surrender in the morning, provided that they were permitted to march out with their arms and proceed to the French army without interruption. The terms were agreed to.

Latour d'Auvergne had passed a day of great anxiety. He began the fight with his thirty muskets, all loaded and ready for use. His fire had been rapid and accurate, for he was one of those efficient soldiers who seldom waste a shot.

A worthy object had caused him to bravely defend the tower, and that was, to hold the position long enough to enable the French army to accomplish its manœuvre. This completed, he knew the pass would be of no use to the Austrians.

At sunrise the next morning the Austrian troops were ranged in line on both sides of the pass, leaving a space between them for the garrison to march out. The massive door of the tower opened, and directly the brave old grenadier, almost staggering under his load of muskets, marched out, and passed along between the lines of soldiers. To the intense amazement of the Austrians he was alone.

The Austrian commander in surprise and astonish-

ment rode up to him and enquired why it was that the garrison did not follow him.

'I am the garrison, colonel,' said the grenadier proudly.

'What!' exclaimed the colonel, 'do you mean to tell me that you *alone* defended the tower against my forces?'

'I have that honour, colonel,' was the calm reply.

'How came you to make such a bold attempt, grenadier?' enquired the colonel.

'Because, sir, the honour of France was in peril,' replied the noble soldier.

The colonel stood for a moment viewing the soldier with evident admiration. Then raising his cap, he said with much feeling, 'Grenadier, I salute you; you have proved yourself the bravest of the brave.'

The officer then gave orders to have all the muskets which Latour d'Auvergne could not carry sent with him into the French camp, and then wrote a letter to the French commander, relating the circumstances. When Napoleon heard the particulars of the affair, he desired to promote Latour d'Auvergne, but the latter preferred to remain a grenadier.

The brave old soldier was killed on the battlefield in June 1800, and the simple and expressive scene at the daily roll-call of his regiment was ordered and continued by the command of the great Napoleon.

de-file': a long narrow pass.

ef-fect'-ive-ly: with wished-for result.

ef-fi'-cient: able; capable.

ev'-i-dent: easily seen.

ma-nœu'-vre: to change the positions of.

pre-cis'-ion: accuracy of aim.

18. THE TEACHER AND SICK SCHOLAR.

(From 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' by Charles Dickens.)

Charles Dickens, one of the most popular of English novelists, was born at Portsmouth in 1812. After a childhood passed in hardships and privations, he was placed in a lawyer's office; but, attracted by the charms of literature, he began to write and report for the newspapers. On the establishment of the 'Daily News' he was appointed chief editor. He was a man as deeply beloved by his personal friends as he was admired by his readers, for he was genial and generous to a rare degree. His best known novels are '**David Copperfield**,' '**Oliver Twist**,' '**Nicholas Nickleby**,' '**Martin Chuzzlewit**,' and the '**Pickwick Papers**.' He died at Gad's Hill, June 9, 1870, and his remains were interred in Westminster Abbey. His friend, John Forster, published '**The Life of Charles Dickens**' in 1871-74.

PART I.

SHORTLY after the schoolmaster had arranged the forms and taken his seat behind his desk, a small white-headed boy with a sunburnt face appeared at the door, and, stopping there to make a rustic bow, came in and took his seat upon one of the forms. He then put an open book, astonishingly dog's-eared, upon his knees, and, thrusting his hands into his pockets, began counting the marbles with which they were filled; displaying, in the expression of his face, a remarkable capacity of totally abstracting his mind from the spelling on which his eyes were fixed.

Soon afterward, another white-headed little boy came straggling in, and after him, a red-headed lad, and then one with a flaxen poll, until the forms were occupied by a dozen boys or thereabouts, with heads of every colour but gray, and ranging in their ages from four years old to fourteen years or more; for the legs of the youngest were a long way from the floor, when he sat upon the form; and the eldest was a heavy, good-tempered fellow, about half a head taller than the schoolmaster.

At the top of the first form—the post of honour in

the school—was the vacant place of the little sick scholar; and, at the head of the row of pegs, on which those who wore hats or caps were wont to hang them, one was empty. No boy attempted to violate the sanctity of seat or peg, but many a one looked from the empty spaces to the schoolmaster, and whispered to his idle neighbour behind his hand.

Then began the hum of conning over lessons and getting them by heart, the whispered jest and stealthy game, and all the noise and drawl of school; and in the midst of the din, sat the poor schoolmaster, vainly attempting to fix his mind upon the duties of the day, and to forget his little sick friend. But the tedium of his office reminded him more strongly of the willing scholar, and his thoughts were rambling from his pupils -- it was plain.

None knew this better than the idlest boys, who, growing bolder with impunity, waxed louder and more daring; playing 'odd or even' under the master's eye; eating apples openly or without rebuke; pinching each other in sport or malice, without the least reserve; and cutting their initials in the very legs of his desk. The puzzled dunce who stood beside it to say his lesson 'off the book,' looked no longer at the ceiling for forgotten words, but drew closer to the master's elbow, and boldly cast his eye upon the page; the wag of the little troop squinted and made grimaces (at the smallest boy, of course), holding no book before his face, and his approving companions knew no constraint in their delight. If the master did chance to rouse himself, and seem alive to what was going on, the noise subsided for a moment,

and no eye met his but wore a studious and deeply humble look ; but the instant he relapsed again, it broke out afresh, and ten times louder than before.

Oh ! how some of those idle fellows longed to be outside, and how they looked at the open door and window, as if they half meditated rushing violently out, plunging into the woods, and being wild boys and savages from that time forth. What rebellious thoughts of the cool river, and some shady bathing-place, beneath willow trees with branches dipping in the water, kept tempting and urging that sturdy boy, who, with his shirt collar unbuttoned, and flung back as far as it could go, sat fanning his flushed face with a spelling-book, wishing himself a whale, or a minnow, or a fly, or anything but a boy at school, on that hot, broiling day.

Heat ! ask that other boy, whose seat being nearest to the door, gave him opportunities of gliding out into the garden, and driving his companions to madness, by dipping his face into the bucket of the well, and then rolling on the grass,—ask him if there was ever such a day as that, when even the bees were diving deep down into the cups of the flowers, and stopping there, as if they had made up their minds to retire from business, and be manufacturers of honey no more. The day was made for laziness and lying on one's back in green places, and staring at the sky, till its brightness forced the gazer to shut his eyes and go to sleep. And was ~~this~~ the time to be poring over musty books in a dark room, slighted by the very sun itself ? Monstrous !

The lessons over, writing time began. This was a more quiet time ; for the master would come and look

over the writer's shoulder, and mildly tell him to observe how such a letter was turned up in such a copy on the wall, which had been written by their sick companion, and bid him take it as a model. Then he would stop and tell them what the sick child had said last night, and how he had longed to be among them once again; and such was the poor schoolmaster's gentle and affectionate manner, that the boys seemed quite remorseful that they had worried him so much, and were absolutely quiet; eating no apples, cutting no names, and making no grimaces for full two minutes afterwards.

abs-tract'-ing: (L. *abs* away or from; *trahio, tractum* to draw) to draw away from.

con'-ning: saying over and over; learning.

gri-mac'-es: queer faces.

im-pu'-ni-ty: (L. *in* not; *pœna* punishment) freedom from punishment.

in-it'-ials: (L. *initium* the beginning) the first letters of a name.

poll: the head.

re-laps'-ed: (L. *re* back again; *labor, lapsus* to slip or slide); fallen back.

re-morse'-ful: full of sorrow or remorse.

rus'-tic: (L. *rus* = the country); rural; awkward.

sub-sid'-ed: (L. *sub* down; *sisto* to sit); settled down.

te'-di-um: weariness; sameness.

vi'-o-late: to break in upon.

wag: a funny or witty person.

WORD-BUILDING

1. Pick out the **Latin Prefixes** in each of the following words, and give their meanings: *abstracting, reminded, impunity, constraint, subsided, relapsed*.

2. Give the meanings of the

Prefixes *abs, sub, pro, com*, and show how they are used in the words, *abstract, submarine, project* and *commingle*.

3. Write out all the **Latin Prefixes** you know, and their meanings.

19. THE TEACHER AND SICK SCHOLAR.

PART II.

'I THINK, boys,' said the schoolmaster, when the clock struck twelve, 'that I shall give you an extra half-holiday this afternoon.' At this intelligence, the boys, led on

and headed by the tall boy, raised a great shout, in the midst of which the master was seen to speak, but could not be heard. As he held up his hand, however, ¹~~1~~ token of his wish that they should be silent, they were considerate enough to leave off, as soon as the longest-winded among them were quite out of breath. 'You must promise me, first,' said the schoolmaster, 'that you'll not be noisy, or at least, if you are, that you'll go away first, out of the village I mean. I'm sure you wouldn't disturb your old playmate and companion.'

There was a general murmur (and perhaps a very sincere one, for they were but boys) in the negative; and the tall boy, perhaps as sincerely as any of them, called those about him to witness that he had only shouted in a whisper. 'Then pray don't forget, there's my dear scholars,' said the schoolmaster, 'what I have asked you, and do it as a favour to me. Be as happy as you can, and don't be unmindful that you are blessed with health. Good-bye, all.'

'Thank'ee, sir,' and 'Good-bye, sir,' were said a great many times in a great variety of voices, and the boys went out very slowly and softly. But there was the sun shining and there were birds singing, as the sun only shines and the birds only sing on holidays and half-holidays; there were the trees waving to all free boys to climb and nestle among their leafy branches; the hay entreating them to come and scatter it in the pure air; the green corn, gently beckoning toward wood and stream; the smooth ground, rendered smoother still by blending lights and shadows, inviting to runs and leaps, and long walks, nobody knows whither. It

was more than boy could bear, and with a joyous whoop, the whole cluster took to their heels, and spread themselves about, shouting and laughing as they went. 'Tis natural,' said the schoolmaster, looking after them; 'I am very glad they didn't mind me.'

Toward night, the schoolmaster walked over to the cottage where his little friend lay sick. Knocking gently at the cottage door, it was opened without loss of time. He entered a room where a group of women were gathered about one who was wringing her hands, and crying bitterly. 'O dame!' said the schoolmaster, drawing near her chair, is it so bad as this? Without replying, she pointed to another room, which the schoolmaster immediately entered; and there lay his little friend, half-dressed, stretched upon a bed.

He was a very young boy; quite a little child. His hair still hung in curls about his face, and his eyes were very bright; but their light was of heaven, not of earth. The schoolmaster took a seat beside him, and, stooping over the pillow, whispered his name. The boy sprang up, stroked his face with his hand, and threw his wasted arms around his neck, crying, that he was his dear, kind friend. 'I hope I always was. I meant to be, God knows,' said the poor schoolmaster. 'You remember my garden, Henry?' whispered the old man, anxious to rouse him, for a dulness seemed gathering upon the child, 'and how pleasant it used to be in the evening time? You must make haste to visit it again, for I think the very flowers have missed you, and are less gay than they used to be. You will come soon, very soon now, won't you?'

. . .

The boy smiled faintly—so very, very faintly—and put his hand upon his friend's gray head. He moved his lips too, but no voice came from them—no, not a sound. In the silence that ensued, the hum of distant voices, borne upon the evening air, came floating through the open window. 'What's that?' said the sick child, opening his eyes. 'The boys at play, upon the green.' He took a handkerchief from his pillow, and tried to wave it above his head. But the feeble arm dropped powerless down. 'Shall I do it?' said the schoolmaster. 'Please wave it at the window,' was the faint reply. 'Tie it to the lattice. Some of them may see it there. Perhaps they'll think of me and look this way.'

He raised his head and glanced from the fluttering signal to his idle hat, that lay with slate, and book, and other boyish property, upon the table in the room. And then he laid him softly down once more; and again clasped his little arms around the old man's neck. The two old friends and companions—for such they were, though they were man and child—held each other in a long embrace, and then the little scholar turned his face to the wall and fell asleep.

* * * * *

The poor schoolmaster sat in the same place, holding the small, cold hand in his, and chafing it. It was but the hand of a dead child. He felt that; and yet he chafed it still, and could not lay it down.

con-sid'-er-ate: thoughtful.
en-su'-ed: following after or succeeded.

in-tel'-li-gence: news.
lat'-tice: a window.
neg'-a-tive: no; not.

GRAMMAR NOTES AND EXERCISES.

1. *Learn*: -The Relative Ad-
 bs *when, where* and *why* may
 begin Adjective Sentences,
 if they mean *in which, from*
which, or for which.
2. *Analyse the following*:
- (1) There is no time like Spring,
 When life's alive in every-
 thing.
- (2) I remember, I remember,
 The house where I was born,
 The little window, where the
 sun
 Came peeping in at morn.
- (3) I know a bank whereon the wild
 thyme grows.
- (4) This is a good reason why we
 should part for ever.

20. THE WHITE TERRACE: NEW ZEALAND. .

(From Froude's 'Oceana'.)

James Anthony Froude was born at Dartmouth, Devon, April 23, 1818. His chief works are, 'History of England,' 'English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century,' 'Short Studies on Great Subjects,' 'Life of Thomas Carlyle,' and 'Oceana.'

We took off our boots and stockings, put on canvas shoes which a wetting would not spoil, and followed our two guides through the bush, waiting for what fate had in store for us. After a winding walk of half a mile, we came again on the river, which was rushing deep and swift through reeds and ti-tree. A rickety canoe was waiting there, in which we crossed, climbed up a bank, and stretched before us we saw the White Terrace in all its strangeness; a crystal staircase, glittering and stainless as if it were ice, spreading out like an open fan from a point above us on the hillside, and projecting at the bottom into a lake, where it was perhaps two hundred yards wide.

The summit was concealed behind the volumes of steam rising out of the boiling fountain, from which the silicious stream proceeded. The stairs were about twenty in number, the height of each being six or seven feet. The floors dividing them were horizontal, as if laid out

with a spirit-level. They were of uneven breadth; twenty, thirty, fifty feet, or even more; each step down being always perpendicular, and all forming arcs of a circle, of which the crater was the centre. Reaching the lake the silica flowed away into the water, where it lay in a sheet half submerged, like ice at the beginning of a thaw.

There was nothing in the fall of the ground to account for the regularity of shape. A crater has been opened through the rock a hundred and twenty feet above the lake. The water, which comes up boiling from below, is charged as heavily as it will bear with silicic acid. The silica crystallises as it is exposed to the air. The water continues to flow over the hardened surface, continually adding a fresh coating to the deposits already laid down. The process is a rapid one; a piece of newspaper left behind by a recent visitor was already stiff as the starched collar of a shirt. Tourists ambitious of immortality had pencilled their names and the date of their visit on the white surface over which the stream was running. Some of these inscriptions were six and seven years old, yet the strokes were as fresh as the day on which they were made, being protected by the film of glass which was instantly drawn over them.

It struck me that this singular cascade must have been of recent, indeed measurably recent, origin. In the middle of the Terrace were the remains of a ti-tree bush, which was standing where a small patch of soil was still uncovered. Part of this, where the silica had not reached the roots, was in leaf and alive. The rest had been similarly alive within a year or two, for it had not yet



THE WHITE TERRACE : NEW ZEALAND.

rotted, but had died as the crust rose round it. Clearly nothing could grow through the crust, and the bush was a living evidence of the rate at which it was forming. It appeared to me that this particular staircase was not perhaps a hundred years old, but that terraces like it had successively been formed all along the hillside as the crater opened now at one spot and now at another.

Wherever the rock showed elsewhere through the soil, it was of the same material as that which I saw growing. If the supply of silicic acid was stopped the surface would dry and crack. Ti-trees would then spring up over it. The crystal steps would crumble into less regular outlines, and in a century or two the fairylike wonder which we were gazing at would be indistinguishable from the adjoining slopes.

We walked, or rather waded, upwards to the boiling pool; it was not in this that we were to be bathed. It was about sixty feet across and of unknown depth. The heat was too intense to allow us to approach the edge, and we could see little, from the dense clouds of steam which lay upon it.

We were dragged off to the White Terrace in spite of ourselves, but soon forgot it in the many and various wonders which were waiting for us. Columns of steam were rising all round us. We had already heard, near at hand, a noise like the blast-pipe of some enormous steam-engine. Climbing up a rocky path through the bush, we came on a black gaping chasm, the craggy sides of which we could just distinguish through the vapour. Water was boiling furiously at the bottom, and

it was as if a legion of imprisoned fiends were roaring to let out.

Behind a rock a few yards distant we found a large open pool, boiling also so violently that great volumes of water heaved and rolled and spouted, as if in a gigantic saucepan standing over a furnace. It was full of sulphur. Heat, noise, and smell were alike intolerable. To look at the thing, and then escape from it, was all that we could do, and we were glad to be led away out of sight and hearing.

film: a thin coating.

the bush: the name given to thickly grown woods in Australia and New Zealand.

si-li'-cious: made of silica or flint,

which is so abundant.

sub-merg'-ed: (L. *sub* - under, *mergo* -- to plunge); plunged under water.

suc-cess'-ive-ly: one after another.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. Point out and give the meanings of the **Latin Prefixes** in the following words: *projecting, perpendicular, submerged, immortality, inscription, adjoining.*

2. What **Latin Prefixes** mean

away, down, on this side of, through, without, under?

3. What words are compounded of the **Latin root** *pono* I place, *positus* - placed, and the **Prefixes** *post, com, de, op, ex?*

21. A DINNER IN AN OLD MANOR-HOUSE.

(From 'History of England,' by William Longman.)

TIME OF EDWARD I.

Let us imagine ourselves in one of them, as lookers-on, and that we see a lord sitting down to dinner with his guests and his vassals. All are gathered together in the hall. At the upper end, on the dais, where the ground is somewhat raised and boarded over, sit the lord and his chief guests.

They are protected by a covering, which, as our host

is a great man, is made of silk. Below, in 'the marsh' sit the vassals, farm servants, and others. The door which has lately been widened to let in carts more easily is closed, to keep out the wind, a dim light is let in through the canvas windows, and 'the marsh' is made tolerably dry and clean by litter and rushes.

Fish in plenty is served up; eels and pike, and even whale, grampus, porpoise, and 'sea-wolves' may be had. There is plenty of beef and plenty of mutton, but it is nearly all salted; and the bread is rather black. Vegetables are plentiful enough; there are no potatoes, but there are peas, beans, onions, garlic and leeks, pot herbs and sweet herbs. There is fruit enough, though not equal to what we now have. There are pears, and particularly one sort, grown by the monks of Warden, in Bedfordshire, which are made into Warden pies. There are apples, particularly of the sort called 'costard.' These cost 1s. per 100, or about 12s. of our money. Peaches, and cherries, and mulberries too, are not wanting.

If we suppose the entertainment to be given in London, the garden of the Earl of Lincoln, in Holborn, would be ready to furnish a good supply, for the fruit out of it was sold for above 100l. of our money in one year alone. There is plenty of claret, or *clairets* - so called because the wine was sweetened with honey, and afterwards strained till it became clear - from our possessions in Gascony, and some other sort of sherry from Spain, for those who sit on the dais; and beer and cider enough for those who sit in 'the marsh.' But the beer is made of a mixture of barley, wheat, and oats, without hops, which have not yet been 'found out.' The in-

sipidity of the beer is taken off by spices. There is wine, too, made from English vineyards, but it must be sour and stiff, and fit only for 'the marsh.' Nobody but the king has glass to drink out of, and he has none to spare for his friends; but he has cups made of cocoa-nuts, of gourds, of buffalo-horns, and of beautiful agates for his principal guests.

The wooden bowl, the earthen jug, and the leathern jack serve well enough for the great bulk of the assemblage. The tables are pretty firm, for their legs are well stuck into the mud floor. Now that the guests are seated, and ready for their repast, up comes the meat on a spit, served round by the servants, and each man cuts off a bit with his knife, and puts it into his wooden bowl or on his trencher. Most of the people have wooden spoons, but nobody has a fork. The pitchers and jugs are made of earthenware, but the plates or dishes are all made of wood.

ag'-ates: precious stones found in the British Isles.

gar'-lic: a bulb with a strong taste; used for seasoning.

g'am'-pus: a large fish of the dolphin family.

Hol'-born: now near the middle of

London.

in-sip-id'-i-ty: wanting taste.

por'-poise: a large fish, not now used as food; its hide and fat are very useful.

vas'-sal: one who holds land from a superior.

GRAMMAR NOTES AND EXERCISES.

1. *Notice*:—The Relative which introduces an Adjective sentence is sometimes preceded by a preposition, as:—You remember the road *by* which we came.

2. *Analyse the following*:—

(1) The bed in which he slept must have been very damp.

(2) The iron gate is bolted hard,

At which I knocked in vain;
The owner's heart is closer
barred,

Who hears me thus complain.

(3) He has reached that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns.

(4) He knows the post by which it came.

22. ANECDOTE OF SIR MATTHEW HALE.

A GENTLEMAN who possessed an estate in the east part of England had two sons. The elder, being of a rambling disposition, went abroad. After several years his father died, when the younger son, destroying the will that had been made in his elder brother's favour, seized upon the estate. He gave out that his elder brother was dead, and bribed false witnesses to attest the truth of this report.

In the course of time the elder brother returned, but being in destitute circumstances, found it difficult to establish his claims. At length he met with a lawyer, who interested himself in his cause so far as to consult the first judge of the age, Sir Matthew Hale. The judge satisfied himself as to the justice of the claims of the elder brother, and then promised his assistance.

The cause was tried at Chelmsford, in Essex. On the appointed day, Sir Matthew Hale disguised himself in the clothes of an honest miller whom he had met on his way, and entered the county hall, where the cause was to be tried. Here he found out the plaintiff, and entering into conversation with him, enquired what were his prospects; to which the plaintiff replied: 'My cause is very doubtful, and if I lose it I am ruined for life.'

'Well, honest friend,' replied the pretended miller, 'will you take my advice? Every Englishman has the right to take exception to any one juryman through the whole twelve; now, do you insist upon your privilege, without giving a reason why, and if possible get me

chosen in place of some one whom you shall challenge, and I will do you all the service in my power.'

The plaintiff shook the pretended miller by the hand and promised to follow his advice; and so, when the clerk called over the names of the jurymen, he objected to one of them. The judge on the bench was much offended at this liberty. 'What do you mean,' he asked, 'by taking exception to that gentleman?'

'I mean, my lord,' said the plaintiff, 'to assert my privilege as an Englishman without giving a reason why.'

The judge had been highly bribed, and in order to conceal it by a show of candour, and having confidence in the superiority of his party, he said: 'Well, sir, whom do you wish to have in the place of him you have challenged?'

After a short time spent in looking round upon the audience, 'My lord,' said the plaintiff, 'I will choose yonder miller, if you please.' Accordingly the supposed miller was directed to take his place on the jury.

As soon as the clerk of the court had administered the usual oath to all, a little dexterous fellow came into the apartment and slipped ten golden guineas into the hand of every one of the jurymen except the miller, to whom he gave but five.

The cause was opened by the plaintiff's counsel, and all the scraps of evidence that could be adduced in his favour were brought forward.

The younger brother was provided with a great number of witnesses, all plentifully bribed like the judge.

The witnesses deposed that they were in the same

country where the brother died, and had seen the burial of his mortal remains. The judge summed up the evidence with great gravity and deliberation. 'And now gentlemen of the jury,' said he, 'lay your heads together and bring in your verdict as you shall deem just.'

They waited but a few minutes, and then, supposing that all were agreed in favour of the younger brother, the judge said: 'Gentlemen, are you all agreed?'

'We are, I believe, all agreed,' replied the foreman of the jury.

'Hold, my lord,' replied the miller, 'we are not all agreed.'

'Why,' said the judge, in a very surly tone, 'what reasons have you for disagreeing?'

'I have several reasons, my lord,' replied the miller. 'The first is, they have given to all these gentlemen of the jury ten broad pieces of gold, and to me but five, which, you know, is not fair. Besides, I have many objections to make to the contradictory evidence of the witnesses.'

As the speaker was going on, the judge in great surprise stopped him:—

'Where did you come from, and who are you?'

'I came from Westminster Hall,' replied the miller; 'my name is Matthew Hale. I am Lord Chief Justice. I have observed the iniquity of your proceedings this day; therefore come down from a seat which you are nowise worthy to hold. You are one of the corrupt parties in this nefarious business. I will come up this moment and try the cause over again.'

. Accordingly Sir Matthew went up with his miller's

dress, began the trial anew, and subjected the witnesses to the most searching examination. He made the elder brother's title to the estate perfectly clear, and gained a complete victory in favour of truth and justice.

ad-min'-is-ter-ed : offered or gave.	jury-men : the twelve men who
at-test' : prove.	serve on a jury; they are sworn
au'-di-ence : those who attend a	to inquire into the matter brought
meeting.	before them, and to declare the
can'-dour : fairness.	truth of it according to the evi-
chal'-lenge : call out; object to.	dence (<i>L. juro</i> , I swear).
coun'-sel : lawyer.	ne-fa'-ri-ous : extremely wicked.
de-lib-er-a'-tion : careful thought.	plain'-tiff : the person who com-
de-posed' : said.	mences a lawsuit to obtain his
de'-sti-tute : poor.	rights.
e'-vid-ence : statements; proofs.	priv'-i-lege : liberty; right.
in-i'-qui-ty : injustice; wickedness.	su-per-i-or'-i-ty : greater power.

23. THE SLEEP.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, one of the most illustrious of English poetesses, was born in the year 1809. As a child she was very precocious, writing much before she was ten years of age. For many years she suffered from wretched health, but having become stronger she was married to Mr. Browning, and went to live at Florence, where she spent the greater part of her remaining years. Her chief poems are '**Aurora Leigh**,' '**Poems before Congress**,' and of her shorter pieces '**The Cry of the Children**' is one of the most beautiful and pathetic. She died in 1861.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
 Borne inward unto souls afar,
 Along the Psalmist's music deep,
 Now tell me if that any is,
 For gift or grace, surpassing this—
 'He giveth His beloved, sleep?'

6

What would we give to our beloved?
 The hero's heart, to be unmoved,
 The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep.

The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?—
He giveth His beloved, sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake :
He giveth His beloved, sleep. 18

' Sleep soft, beloved ! ' we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep :
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His beloved, sleep. 24

O earth, so full of dreary noises !
O men, with wailing in your voices !
O delved gold, the wailer's heap !
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall !
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His beloved, sleep. 30

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth His beloved, sleep. 36

For me, my heart that erst did go
 Most like a tired child at a show,
 That sees through tears the mummers' leap,
 Would now its wearied vision close,
 Would childlike on His love repose,
 Who giveth His beloved

42

And friends, dear friends, - when it shall be
 That this low breath is gone from me,
 And round my bier ye come to weep,
 Let One, most loving of you all,
 Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall;
 He giveth His beloved, sleep.'

43

blast'-ed: accursed; blighted.

dole'-ful: full of sorrow.

de'-ved: dug with a spade.

erst: once; formerly.

mum'-mers: clowns; actors.

mute'-ly: noiselessly; quietly.

Psalm'-ist: David. 'So He giveth
 His beloved sleep.' Ps. cxviii. 2.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. Show how the **Latin Prefixes** *sine*, *in*, *pro*, *per*, *dis*, *contra* are used in helping to form words.

2. Pick out and give the meanings of the **Prefixes** in the words: -
inward, *surpassing*, *undisproved*,
unmoved, *beloved*, *overhead*.

3. Take away the **Prefixes** in the following words, and show what alteration is thereby made in their meanings: *premature*, *immature*, *recommunal*, *extraordinary*, *dispraise*, *commingle*, *surpass*, *overseer*.

24. AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832) was born at Edinburgh. His career as a poet began in 1805 with the publication of '**The Lay of the Last Minstrel**'; '**Marmion**' followed in 1808, and '**The Lady of the Lake**' in 1810. These are his best poems, and excel in their description of the natural scenery of the Scottish highlands. In 1814 he published '**Waverley**', the first of the long series of novels upon which his great fame so largely and so deservedly rests. He created the historical novel in such tales as '**Kenilworth**,' '**Ivanhoe**,' and '**Quentin Durward**.'

DURING the brief career of the celebrated patriot, Sir William Wallace, and when his arms had for a time expelled the English invaders from his native country, he is said to have undertaken a voyage to France with a small band of trusty friends, to try what his presence—for he was respected through all countries for his prowess—might do to induce the French monarch to send to Scotland a body of auxiliary forces, or other assistance, to aid the Scots in regaining their independence.

The Scottish champion was on board a small vessel, and steering for the port of Dieppe, when a sail appeared in the distance, which the mariners regarded at first with doubt and apprehension, and at last with confusion and dismay. Wallace demanded to know what was the cause of their alarm.

The captain of the ship informed him that the tall vessel which was bearing down, with the purpose of boarding, that which he commanded, was the ship of a celebrated rover, equally famed for his courage, strength of body, and successful piracies. It was commanded by a brave man named Thomas de Longueville, a Frenchman by birth, but by practice one of those pirates who called themselves friends to the sea, and enemies to all those who sailed upon that element.

He attacked and plundered vessels of all nations, like one of the ancient Norse sea-kings, as they were termed, whose dominion was upon the mountain waves. The master added that no vessel could escape the rover by flight, so speedy was the craft he commanded; and that no crew, however hardy, could hope to resist him, when,



as was his usual mode of combat, he threw himself on board a ship at the head of his followers.

Wallace smiled sternly, while the master of the ship with alarm in his countenance and tears in his eyes, described to him the certainty of their being captured by the Red Rover, a name given to Longueville because he usually displayed the blood-red flag which he had now hoisted.

‘I will clear the narrow seas of this rover,’ said Wallace. Then calling together some ten or twelve of his own followers, to whom the dust of the most desperate battle was like the breath of life, he commanded them to arm themselves and lie flat upon the deck, so as to be out of sight. He ordered the mariners below, excepting such as were absolutely necessary to manage the vessel, and he gave the master instructions, upon pain of death, to steer so that, while the vessel had the appearance of attempting to fly, it would in fact permit the Red Rover to come up with them, and do his worst.

Wallace himself then lay down on the deck, that nothing might be seen which would intimate any purpose, of resistance. In a quarter of an hour De Longueville’s vessel ran aboard that of the champion, and the Red Rover, casting out grappling-irons to make sure of his prize, jumped on the deck in complete armour, followed by his men, who gave a terrible shout, as if victory had already been secured by them.

But the armed Scots started up at once, and the Rover found himself unexpectedly engaged with men accustomed to consider victory as secure when they were only opposed as one to two or three. Wallace himself

rushed on the pirate captain, and a dreadful strife began between them with such fury that the others suspended their own battle to look on, and seemed by common consent to refer the issue of the strife to the result of the combat between the two chiefs.

The pirate fought as well as man could do, but Wallace's strength was beyond that of ordinary mortals. He dashed the sword from the Rover's hand, and placed him in such peril that, to avoid being cut down, he was fain to close with the Scottish champion, in hopes of overpowering him in the struggle. In this he also was foiled.

They fell on the deck locked in each other's arms ; but the Frenchman fell undermost, and Wallace, fixing his grasp upon his gorget, compressed it so closely, notwithstanding it was made of the finest steel, that the blood gushed from his eyes, nose, and mouth, and he was only able to ask for quarter by signs.

His men threw down their weapons and begged for mercy when they saw their leader thus severely handled. The victor granted them all their lives, but took possession of their vessel and detained them prisoners.

When he came in sight of the French harbour Wallace alarmed the place by displaying the Rover's colours, as if De Longueville were coming to pillage the town. The bells were rung, horns were blown, and the citizens were hurrying to arms, when the scene was changed. The Scottish lion on his shield of gold was raised above the piratical flag, which announced that the champion of Scotland was approaching, like a falcon with his prey in his clutch.

He landed with his prisoner, and carried him to the court of France, where, at Wallace's request, the robberies which the pirate had committed were forgiven, and the king even conferred the honour of knighthood on Sir Thomas de Longueville, and offered to take him into his service. But the Rover had contracted such a friendship for his generous victor, that he insisted on uniting his fortunes with those of Wallace, and fought by his side in many a bloody battle, where the prowess of Sir Thomas de Longueville was remarked as inferior to that of none, save of his heroic conqueror.

ab'-so-lute-ly: really.

ap-pre-hen'-sion: alarm.

aux-il'-ia ry: helping; aiding.

con-fer'-red: bestowed upon.

gor'-get: a piece of armour for defending the neck.

grap'-pling i'-rons: used for holding fast a ship to some object.

in'-ti-mate: make known.

Norse: belonging to Norway.

pil'-lage: plunder; rob.

pro'-w-ess: great bravery.

GRAMMAR NOTES AND EXERCISES.

1. *Notice*:—The Relative is frequently omitted, as *John showed me the prize he has just won (which he has just won)*.

2. *Supply the omitted relative and then analyse*:—

(1) I tell of the three famous deeds she wrought in ancient days.

(2) I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute.

(3) My teacher answered all the questions I asked him. (4) I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. (5) The flowers that gardener grows are beautiful. (6) The idea you mention is a good one.

25. GLIMPSES OF SCIENCE.

SUNBEAMS 'AND THEIR WORK.

(From 'The Fairyland of Science,' by Miss Arabella Buckley.)

WHAT work do the sunbeams do for us? They do two things—they give us light and heat. It is by means of them alone that we see anything. When the room was

dark you could not distinguish the table, the chairs, or even the walls of the room. Why? Because they had no light-waves to send to your eye.

But as the sunbeams began to pour in at the window, the waves played upon the things in the room; and when they hit them they bounded off them back to your eye, as a wave of the sea bounds back from a rock, and strikes against a passing boat. Then, when they fell upon your eye, they entered it, and excited the retina, and the nerves; and the image of the chair or the table was carried to your brain.

Some substances send back hardly any waves of light, but let them all pass through them. A pane of clear glass, for instance, lets nearly all the light-waves pass through it; and therefore you often cannot see the glass, because no light messengers come back to you from it. Thus people have sometimes walked up against a glass door, and broken it, not seeing it was there. Those substances are transparent, which, for some reason unknown to us, allow the ether-waves to pass through them. In clear glass, all the light-waves pass through; while in a white wall the larger part of the rays is reflected back to the eye.

Into polished shining metal the waves hardly enter at all, but are thrown back from the surface; and so a steel knife or a silver spoon is very bright and is clearly seen. Quicksilver is put at the back of looking-glasses because it reflects so many waves.

The reflected light-waves not only make us see things, but they make us see them in different colours. Imagine a sunbeam playing on a leaf; part of its waves bound

straight back from it to our eye, and make us see the surface of the leaf; but the rest go right into the leaf itself, and there some of them are used up and prisoners.

The red, orange, yellow, blue, indigo, and violet waves are all useful to the leaf, and it does not let them go again. But it cannot absorb the green waves, and so it throws them back; and they travel to your eye, and make you see a green colour.

So, when you say a leaf is green, you mean that the leaf does not want the green waves of the sunbeam, but sends them back to you. In the same way the scarlet geranium rejects the red waves; a white tablecloth sends back nearly the whole of the waves, and a black coat scarcely any.

Is it not strange that there is really no such thing as colour in the leaf, the table, the coat, or the geranium; that we see them of different colours because they send back only certain-coloured waves to our eye?

So far, we have spoken only of light; but hold your hand in the sun, and feel the heat of the sunbeams, and then consider if the waves of heat do not do work also. There are many waves in a sunbeam which move too slowly to make us see light when they hit our eye; but we can feel them as heat, though we cannot see them as light. The simplest way of feeling heat-waves is to hold a warm flat-iron near your face. You know that no light comes from it, yet you can feel the heat-waves beating violently against your face.

Now there are many of these dark heat-rays in a sunbeam, and it is they that do most of the work in the

world. It is the heat-waves that make the air hot, and so cause it to rise, and make winds and air currents; and these again give rise to ocean currents. It is these dark rays, again, that strike upon the land and give it the warmth which enables plants to grow. It is they also that keep up the warmth in our own bodies, both by coming to us directly from the sun, and also in a very roundabout way through plants.

Coal is made of plants, and the heat it gives out is the heat those plants once took in. Think how much work is done by burning coal. Not only are our houses warmed by coal fires and lighted by coal gas, but our steam-engines and machinery work entirely by water which has been turned into steam by the heat of coal fires; and our steamboats travel all over the world by means of the same power. In the same way the oil of our lamps comes either from olives, which grow on trees, or from coal and the remains of plants or animals in the earth.

Even our tallow candles are made of mutton-fat, and sheep eat grass; and so, turn which way we will, we find that the light and heat on our earth, whether it comes from fires, or candles, or lamps, or gas, and whether it moves machinery, or drives a train, or propels a ship, is equally the work of those waves of ether coming from the sun, which makes what we call a sunbeam.

ab-sorb': to drink, or suck in.

dis-tin'-guish: to be seen clearly, or separately.

e'-ther: an extremely thin substance supposed to be present in

all space.

ge-ra'-ni-um: a red flower.

pro-pels': drives forward.

trans-par-ent: able to be seen through quite distinctly.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. Change the meanings of the following words by the use of **Prefixes** :—*stable, service, polite, liberal, resolute, reclaimed.*

2. Give the meanings of the following **Latin Prefixes** and two

examples of the use of each :—*inter, pre, de, se, subter, ad, ante.*

3. With the **Latin root** *fugio*, I flee, and the **Prefixes** *re, subter,* make English words and give their meanings.

26. ROBINSON CRUSOE AND FRIDAY.

Daniel Defoe was born in London in the year 1663. He was an ardent politician and was twice imprisoned on account of some of his political pamphlets. During the latter years of his life he published the works of fiction by which he is now best known. '**Robinson Crusoe**' appeared in 1719, and immediately obtained the popularity which it has never lost. Among his other works is his '**History of the Plague.**' He died in London in 1731.

PART 1.

WHEN I was come down the hill to the shore, being the south-west point of the island, I was perfectly confounded and amazed—nor is it possible for me to express the horror of my mind—at seeing the shore spread with skulls, hands, feet, and other bones of human bodies; and particularly I observed a place where there had been a fire made, and a circle dug in the earth, where I supposed the savage wretches had sat down to their inhuman feasting upon the bodies of their fellow-creatures.

I was so astonished with the sight of these things, that I entertained no notion of any danger to myself from it for a long while. All my apprehensions were buried in the thoughts of such a pitch of inhuman brutality, and the horror of the degeneracy of human nature, which, though I had heard of it often, yet I had never had so near a view of it before. I turned away my face from the horrid spectacle.

Some time afterwards I was surprised early one

morning with seeing no less than five canoes all on shore together on my side of the island, and the people who belonged to them all landed. I observed, by the help of my perspective-glass, that they were no less than thirty in number, and that they had a fire kindled. While I was thus looking on them, I perceived two miserable wretches dragged from the boats, where it seems they were laid by, and were now brought out for the slaughter.

I perceived one of them immediately fall, being knocked down, I suppose, with a club or wooden sword—for that was their way—and two or three others were at work immediately, cutting him open for their cookery, while the other victim was left standing by himself till they should be ready for him. In that very instant this poor wretch, seeing himself a little at liberty, and unbound, nature inspired him with hopes of life, and he started away from them, and ran with incredible swiftness along the sands directly towards me; I mean, towards that part of the coast where my habitation was.

I was dreadfully frightened, I must acknowledge, when I perceived him run my way, and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body of savages. However, I kept my station, and my spirits began to recover when I found that there were not above three men that followed him; and still more was I encouraged when I found that he outstripped them exceedingly in running, and gained ground on them, so that if he could but hold out, I saw easily that he would fairly get away from them all.

It came very warmly upon my thoughts, and indeed irresistibly, that now was my time to get a servant, and

perhaps a companion, or assistant, and that I was plainly called by Providence to save this poor creature's life. I immediately fetched my two guns, and getting up again with the same haste to the top of the hill, I crossed towards the sea, and having a very short cut, and all downhill, placed myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing aloud to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first perhaps as much frightened at me as at them.

I beckoned with my hand to him to come back, and in the meantime slowly advanced towards the two that followed; then rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my piece. I was loath to fire, because I would not have the rest hear, though at that distance it would not have been easily heard, and being out of sight of the smoke too, they would not have easily known what to make of it.

Having knocked this fellow down, the other who pursued him stopped, as if he had been frightened, and I advanced apace towards him; but as I came nearer, I perceived presently he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me, so I was then necessitated to shoot at him first, which I did, and killed him at the first shot.

The poor savage who fled, but had stopped, though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed, as he thought, yet was so frightened with the fire and noise of my piece that he stood stock still, and neither came forward nor went backward, though he seemed rather inclined to fly than to come on. I hallooed again to him, and made signs to come forward, which he easily understood, and

came a little way, then stopped again, and then a little farther, and stopped again; and I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner and had just been to be killed as his two enemies were.

ap-pre-hen'-sions: fears.

bru-tal'-i-ty: cruelty.

con-found'-ed: astonished; surprised.

de-gen'-er-a-cy: a growing worse; wickedness.

ex-ceed'-ing-ly: very.

hab-i-ta'-tion: dwelling.

in-cred'-i-ble: hardly to be believed; very great (L. *in* not).

credo I believe).

in-hu'-man: merciless; savage.

ir-re-sist'-i-bly: not to be opposed or withstood.

mis'-er-a-ble: unhappy; pitiable.

ex-ces'-si-ty: compelled; forced.

per-spec'-tive glass: spy-glass; telescope.

Pro'-vid-ence: God.

spec'-ta-cle: sight.

GRAMMAR NOTES AND EXERCISES.

1. *Notice carefully:*—Some sentences that look like *Adjective* sentences are not so; they are *independent*.

(a) *We met the King, who (and he) was riding to the review.*

(b) *John went to London, where (and there) he enjoyed himself.*

2. *Analyse the following:*—

(1) This evening my father heard the Prime Minister, who was addressing a large audience.

(2) My teacher spent her holidays in the Lake District, where she was greatly pleased with the fine scenery.

27. ROBINSON CRUSOE AND FRIDAY.

PART II.

I BECKONED him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of; and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps, in token of acknowledgment for my saving his life. I smiled at him, and looked pleasantly, and beckoned to him to come still nearer. At length he came close to me, and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head: This,

it seems, was in token of swearing to be my slave for ever.

I took him up and made much of him, and encouraged him all I could. But there was more work to do yet; for I perceived the savage whom I had knocked down was not killed; so I pointed to him, and showed him the savage, that he was not dead. Upon this he spoke some words to me, and though I could not understand them, yet I thought they were pleasant to hear, for they were the first sound of a man's voice that I had heard, my own excepted, for above twenty-five years.

But there was no time for such reflections now. The savage who was knocked down recovered himself so far as to sit up upon the ground, and I perceived that my savage began to be afraid; but when I saw that, I presented my other piece at the man, as if I would shoot him. Upon this *my* savage—for so I call him now—made a motion to me to lend him my sword, which hung naked in a belt by my side; so I did.

He no sooner had it, but he runs to his enemy, and at one blow cut off his head so cleverly, no executioner could have done it sooner or better; which I thought very strange for one who, I had reason to believe, never saw a sword in his life before, except their own wooden swords. When he had done this he comes laughing to me in sign of triumph, and brought me the sword again, and with abundance of gestures, which I did not understand, laid it down, with the head of the savage he had killed, just before me.

But that which astonished him most was to know how I had killed the other Indian so far off; so, pointing

to him, he made signs to me to let him go to him ; and bade him go as well as I could. When he came to him stood like one amazed, looking at him, turning him first on one side, then on the other ; looked at the wound the bullet had made, which, it seems, was just in his breast, where it had made a hole, but no great quantity of blood had flowed.

He took up the bow and arrows, and came back ; so I turned to go away, and beckoned to him to follow me, making signs to him that more might come after them. Upon this he made signs to me that he should bury the bodies with sand that they might not be seen by the rest if they followed ; and so I made signs to him again to do so. He fell to work, and in an instant he had scraped a hole in the sand with his hands big enough to bury the first in, and then dragged him into it and covered him, and did so by the other also. I believe he had buried them both in a quarter of an hour.

Then calling him away, I carried him, not to my castle, but quite away to my cave, on the farther part of the island. Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress for, from his running ; and having refreshed him, I made signs for him to go and lie down to sleep, pointing to a place where I had laid a great parcel of rice-straw, and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes ; so the poor creature lay down and went to sleep.

After he had slumbered, rather than slept, about half an hour, he awoke again, and came out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats which I had in

the enclosure just by. When he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down upon the ground, with all the possible signs of a humble, thankful disposition.

At last he lays his head flat upon the ground close to my foot, and sets my other foot upon his head as he had done before ; and after this made all the signs to me of subjection, servitude and submission imaginable, to let me know how he would serve me so long as he lived. I understood him in many things, and let him know I was very well pleased with him. In a little time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me ; and first I let him know his name should be *Friday*, which was the day I saved his life.

DANIEL DEFOE (*adapted*).

a-bund'-ance: plenty ; a great many.

ac-know'-ledg-ment: admission ; confession ; owning.

dis-pos-i'-tion: nature.

en-clo'-sure: a piece of ground surrounded by a wall or fence.

en-cour'-aged: cheered.

e-spied': saw.

ex-e-cu'-tion-er: one whose duty it is to put criminals to death.

gest'-ures: signs made by movements of the body.

im-a'-gin-a-ble: able to be thought of.

per-ceiv': saw.

rai'-sins: dried grapes.

re-flec'-tions: thoughts.

ser'-vi-tute: the condition of a slave ; bondage.

sub-jec'-tion: obedience (L. *sub* under ; *jacio* - to throw).

sub-mis'-sion: humility (L. *sub* under ; *mitto* - I send).

tri'-umph: joy resulting from success.

28. GLIMPSES OF SCIENCE.

MIRAGE.

(*Adapted from Hartwig's 'The Aerial World.'*)

NEITHER a star beyond our atmosphere, nor any remote body actually within it, is seen in its right place. The western sun still seems to shine upon us after his orb has really set ; and before the moon has actually risen



her image makes its appearance in the sky. Our eyes, in fact, are constantly deceiving us.

Sometimes a great local heat or cold, by producing considerable changes in the density and refractive power of the air, gives rise to phenomena of a very interesting kind. Such phenomena have received the name of *mirage*, and they are sometimes of so extraordinary a nature, as to resemble more the effects of magic than the results of natural causes.

The commonest cases of mirage, which have long been observed, and known by the name of *looming*, are when distant objects—villages, coasts, ships—though actually situated below the horizon, seem raised above it, and become visible to the naked eye, or through a telescope; a deception which often takes place without the spectator being aware that it is one.

A truly magical case of looming was observed at Dover on May 26, 1868. The cupola of the cathedral and Napoleon's column at Boulogne were plainly seen by the naked eye. Through a glass of ordinary power, the entrance of the harbour, its lighthouse, its ships and the surrounding buildings were distinctly visible, as well as the chief outlines of the coast and a great number of villages and farms, with their windows illuminated by the setting sun.

While the spectators were observing all these objects, a locomotive was seen to leave Boulogne, and to drive along with its clouds of steam in the direction of Calais. Soon after sunset the wonderful illusion vanished, most probably not to reappear until after the lapse of many years.

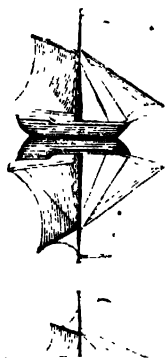
In other cases of mirage, which are extremely common across extensive sheets of calm water, distant objects frequently seem inverted above their true position. Usually two images are seen in the air, namely, an erect image in what appears to be the true position, and an inverted image above it. Sometimes, however, there are *three* images - the upper and lower being erect.

The phenomenon of mirage is never more striking and delusive than when it creates a false appearance of water in a place actually occupied by hot and dry ground. When the sun rises over the desert of the Sahara, all distant objects appear sharp and distinct; but as soon as the ground and the air in contact with it become heated, a kind of tremulous agitation seems to arise.

The rays of the sun seem to impart the undulations of the sea to the arid sands. If, at the same time, the weather is calm and no wind disperses the heated air, the mirage appears with all its magical illusions, and the waterless desert seems transformed into a lake, which reflects the inverted image of all the objects that rise above its level.

The flickering movements of the reflected images thus seen greatly resemble the appearances produced by the rippling of waves on a lake; but probably the most striking feature in the illusion is the gleam of the reflected sky.

The sky itself and its reflection in water so far exceed in brightness all other objects in an ordinary landscape,



INVERTED IMAGES.

that when this gleam is seen in a place where the sky² cannot be, the observer feels compelled to ascribe it¹ to water.

During the French expedition to Egypt under Napoleon, the illusion of the mirage was often a source of grievous disappointment to the army. When after a long march through the desert, the deceptive horizon showed them the blue mirror of a lake in the midst of the arid sands, they hailed it with exclamations of delight, and hastened towards the imaginary shore; but, as they approached, it still receded before them, as if in mockery of their vain efforts to reach it.

ar'id: parched; very hot and dry.

at-mo-sphere: the air surrounding the earth (Greek, *atmos*, vapour; *sphaera*, a globe).

cath-e-dral: the principal church in a district in which the bishop has his seat.

cu'-po'-a: a dome, like a cup upside down, placed on the top of a building.

dis-tinct'-ly: plainly.

ex-cla-ma'-tions: cries.

griev'-ous: painful.

ho-ri'-zon: the apparent boundary line between earth and sky.

il-lu'-mi-na-ted: lighted up.

il-lu'-sion: deception, error.

in-vert'-ed: turned upside down (L. *in* into; *verto* I turn).

lo-c-o-mo'-tive: a railway engine.

mi'-rage': pron. *me-rahzh*.

phen-om'-en-on: (plural, *phenomena*), an appearance.

re-flect'-ed: bent or thrown back (rays of light are *reflected* from a mirror).

re-frac'-tive: broken or altered in direction (rays of light are *refracted* in passing through water or glass).

trem'-u-lous: trembling; shaking.

un-du-la'-tions: wavy movement.

GRAMMAR NOTES AND EXERCISES.

1. *Notice*: *As* is a relative pronoun and may introduce an adjective sentence when it follows *such* and *the same*.

2. *Analyze the following*:

(1) I like such pieces as he recites.

(2) The master deserved the same reception as the servant got.

(3) The spirit, who bideeth by himself

In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
The man

Who shot him with his bow.

The boy stood on the burning
deck,

Whence all but he had fled
The flame that lit the battle-
wreck

Shone round him o'er the
dead.

29. THE RETURN OF COLUMBUS.

(From *'The Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella,'* by W. H. Prescott)

William Hickling Prescott, an American historian, was born at Salem, in 1796. While at college he lost by an accident the sight of one of his eyes, and the other became so weak as to deter him from any pursuit in which strong eyesight was indispensable. Having spent some time in England, France and Italy, he returned to America and settled down to literary work. Aided by a reader, he studied his subject for ten years, and then produced his great work, *'The Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella,'* in 1838. This book was received with enthusiasm. Among his other works are *'The Conquest of Mexico'* and *'The Conquest of Peru,'* both of which contain history presented in a most pleasing way. He died in 1859.

In the spring of 1493, while the court was still at Barcelona, letters were received from Christopher Columbus announcing his return to Spain and the successful achievement of his great enterprise by the discovery of land beyond the western ocean. The delight and astonishment raised by this intelligence were proportioned to the scepticism with which his project had been originally viewed. The sovereigns were now filled with a natural impatience to ascertain the extent and other particulars of the important discovery, and they transmitted instant instructions to the admiral to repair to Barcelona as soon as he should have made arrangements for the further prosecution of his enterprise.

The great navigator had succeeded, as is well known, in discovering land on Friday, October 12, 1492. After some months spent in exploring the delightful regions now for the first time thrown open to the eyes of a European, he embarked in the month of January 1493 for Spain. One of his vessels had previously foundered and another had deserted him, so that he was left alone to retrace his course across the Atlantic.

After a most tempestuous voyage he was compelled to take shelter in the Tagus, sorely against his inclination.

After a brief delay, the admiral resumed his voyage, and, crossing the bar of Saltes, entered the harbour of Palos about noon on March 15, 1493, being exactly seven months and eleven days since his departure from that port.

Great was the agitation in the little community of Palos as they beheld the well-known vessel of the admiral re-entering their harbour. Their desponding imaginations had long since consigned him to a watery grave; for they had experienced the most stormy and disastrous winter within the recollection of the oldest mariners. Most of them had relations or friends on board. They thronged immediately to the shore, to assure themselves with their own eyes of the truth of their return. When they beheld their faces once more, and saw them accompanied by the numerous evidences which they brought back of the success of the expedition, they burst forth in acclamations of joy and gratulation. They awaited the landing of Columbus, when the whole population of the place accompanied him and his crew to the principal church, where solemn thanksgivings were offered up for their return, while every bell in the village sent forth a joyous peal in honour of the glorious event.

The admiral was too desirous of presenting himself before the sovereigns to protract his stay long at Palos. He took with him on his journey specimens of the multifarious products of the newly-discovered regions. He was accompanied by several of the native islanders, arrayed in their simple barbaric costume, and decorated,

as he passed through the principal cities, with collars, bracelets, and other ornaments of gold, rudely fashioned. He exhibited also considerable quantities of the same metal in dust or in crude masses, numerous vegetable exotics, and several kinds of quadrupeds unknown in Europe, and birds whose variety of gaudy plumage gave a brilliant effect to the pageant.

The admiral's progress through the country was everywhere impeded by the multitudes thronging forth to gaze at the extraordinary spectacle, and the more extraordinary man, who, in the emphatic language of that time—which has now lost its force from its familiarity—first revealed the existence of a 'new world.' As he passed through the busy, populous city of Seville, every window, balcony, and housetop which could afford a glimpse of him is described to have been crowded with spectators.

It was the middle of April before Columbus reached Barcelona. The nobility and cavaliers in attendance on the court, together with the authorities of the city, came to the gates to receive him, and escorted him to the royal presence. Ferdinand and Isabella were seated with their son, Prince John, under a superb canopy of state, awaiting his arrival.

On his approach they rose from their seats, and extending their hands to him to salute, caused him to be seated before them. These were unprecedented marks of condescension to a person of Columbus's rank, in the haughty and ceremonious court of Castile. It was indeed the proudest moment in the life of Columbus. He had firmly established the truth of his long-contested

theory, in the face of argument, sneer, scepticism, and contempt. He had achieved this, not by chance, but by calculation, supported through the most adverse circumstances by consummate conduct. The honours paid him—which had hitherto been reserved only for rank, or fortune, or military success purchased by the blood and tears of thousands—were, in his case, a homage to intellectual power successfully exerted in behalf of the noblest interests of humanity.

After a brief interval, the sovereigns requested from Columbus a recital of his adventures. His manner was sedate and dignified, but warmed by the glow of natural enthusiasm. He enumerated the several islands which he had visited, expatiated on the temperate character of the climate and the capacity of the soil for every variety of agricultural production, appealing to the samples imported by him as evidence of their natural fruitfulness. He dwelt more at large on the precious metals to be found in these islands, which he inferred less from the specimens actually obtained, than from the uniform testimony of the natives to their abundance in the unexplored regions of the interior. Lastly, he pointed out the wide scope afforded to Christian zeal in the illumination of a race of men whose minds, far from being wedded to any system of idolatry, were prepared by their extreme simplicity for the reception of pure and uncorrupted doctrine.

The last consideration touched Isabella's heart most sensibly; and the whole audience, kindled with various emotions by the speaker's eloquence, filled up the perspective with the gorgeous colouring of their own fancies, as ambition, or avarice, or devotional feeling predominated

in their bosoms. When Columbus ceased, the king and queen, together with all present, prostrated themselves in their knees in grateful thanksgivings, while the solemn strains of the Te Deum were poured forth by the choir of the royal chapel, as in commemoration of some glorious victory.

- ac-cla-ma'-tions** : (L. *ad* to ; *clamo* = to shout) shouts of joy.
a-chieve'-ment : exploit ; doing successfully what is attempted.
can'-o-py : a covering of state stretched over a throne.
dis-as'-trous : (L. *dis* -- against ; *astrum* a star) ill-starred ; unfortunate : this word comes from the time when people believed that the stars exerted an influence on the lives of men ; hence the expression ' to be born under a lucky star.'
ex-pa'-ti-at-ed : enlarged upon ; spoke fully of.
grat-u-la'-tions : congratulations ; wishing joy on a fortunate or happy event.
mul-ti-ta'-ri-ous : of very many kinds.
pag'-eant : a grand show.
Pal'-os : a small seaport in the south of Spain.
pie-dom'-in-at-ed : held sway or was uppermost.
scep'-ti-cism : unbelief.
spec'-ta-cle : sight.
un-pre'-ce-dent-ed : (A.S. prefix *un* = not ; L. prefix *pre* = before ; L. verb *cedo* to go) not having happened before.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. Pick out all the words that contain **Latin Prefixes** in the preceding lesson.
2. Give the **Latin Prefixes** which mean :— *over*, *under*, *through*, *to*, *not*, and give two examples of the use of each.
3. Add the **Prefixes**, *ex*, *re*, *per*, *in*, *co*, *trans*, *sub*, to the root *spiro* I breathe.

30. THE CLOUD.

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) wrote a number of volumes of poetry, essays and translations. His poems show a wonderful intensity of feeling, wealth of imagination, and sublimity of thought. They are often full of abstract subtleties, frail as mist, yet surprisingly beautiful. He was drowned while boating in the Bay of Spezia, Italy.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams ;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their Mother's breast, 1
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under ;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder. 12

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers
Lightning my pilot sits ;
In a cavern under is fettered the Thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion,
In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
While he is dissolving in rains. 28

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,

An eagle alit one moment may sit
• In the light of its golden wings ;
And, when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove. 42

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the Moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer.
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
• Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these. 56

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The Volcanoes are dim, and the Stars reel and swim,
When the Whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
• Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be. •

The triumphal arch through which I march
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
 Is the million-coloured bow ;
 The Sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
 While the moist Earth was laughing below. 70

flail : an instrument used for beating grain from the ear.
jag : rugged point.
peer : look out.
rack : flying, broken clouds.
san'-guine : having the colour of

blood ; red.
sub-lime' : lifted up ; high in place.
woof : the threads that cross the warp in weaving ; any texture.
zone : a band running round any object ; a girdle.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. Pick out the **Prefixes** in the following words and give their meanings :--*dissolves, remains, outspread, midnight, unfurl, introduce, superposition.*

2. Give the meanings of the **Latin Prefixes** :--*col, contro, af,*

con, cor, of, pre, op.

3. Give the meanings of the following words from the **Latin Prefixes** *pro, intro, de, e, super* and the **root** *duco* = I lead or draw :--*produce, introduce, deduce, educe, superinduce.*

31. BENJAMIN WEST.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, the most distinguished of American novelists, was born in 1801. His writings are distinguished by an intense love, minute observation, and painstaking delineation of Nature ; and by a simple, clear, and delicate style. His best-known works are '**The Scarlet Letter**,' '**The House of the Seven Gables**,' and '**Our Old Home**.' He died very suddenly in 1861.

PART I.

In the year 1738, there was born in the town of Springfield, Pennsylvania, an infant, who was named Benjamin West, and from whom his parents and neighbours looked for wonderful things.

Little Ben lived to the ripe age of six years without doing anything that was worthy to be told in history. But one summer afternoon, in his seventh year, his

mother put a fan into his hand and bade him keep the flies away from the face of a little child who lay fast asleep in the cradle, and then left the room.

The boy waved the fan to and fro, and drove away the buzzing flies whenever they had the impertinence to come near the baby's face. When they had all flown out of the window or into distant parts of the room, he bent over the cradle and delighted himself with gazing at the sleeping infant.

It was, indeed, a very pretty sight. The little personage in the cradle slumbered peacefully, with its waxen hands under its chin, looking as full of blissful quiet as if angels were singing lullabies in its ear. Indeed, it must have been dreaming about heaven; for while Ben stooped over the cradle, the little baby smiled!

'How beautiful she looks!' said Ben to himself. 'What a pity it is that such a pretty smile should not last for ever!' On a table near at hand, there were pens and paper, and ink of two colours, black and red. The boy seized a pen and sheet of paper, and, kneeling down beside the cradle, began to draw a likeness of the infant. While he was busied in this manner, he heard his mother's step approaching, and hastily tried to conceal the paper.

'Benjamin, my son, what hast thou been doing?' inquired his mother, observing marks of confusion in his face. At first Ben was unwilling to tell, for he felt as if there might be something wrong in stealing the baby's face and putting it upon a sheet of paper. However, as his mother insisted, he finally put the sketch into her hand, and then hung his head, expecting to be well

scolded. But when the good lady saw what was on the paper, in lines of red and black ink, she uttered a scream of surprise and joy.

‘Bless me!’ cried she. ‘It is a picture of little Sally!’ And then she threw her arms around Benjamin, and kissed him so tenderly that he never afterwards was afraid to show his performances to his mother.

The purple and gold clouds of sunset were a joy to him; and he was continually endeavouring to draw the figures of trees, men, mountains, horses, cattle, geese, ducks and turkeys, with a piece of chalk, on barn-doors or on the floor.

In those old times the Mohawk Indians were still numerous in Pennsylvania. Every year a party of them used to pay a visit to Springfield, because the wigwams of their ancestors had formerly stood there.

These wild men grew fond of little Ben, and made him very happy by giving him some of the red and yellow paint with which they were accustomed to adorn their faces. His mother, too, presented him with a piece of indigo. Thus he had now three colours—red, blue and yellow—and could manufacture green by mixing the yellow with the blue.

Our friend Ben was overjoyed, and doubtless showed his gratitude to the Indians by taking their likenesses in the strange dresses which they wore, with feathers, tomahawks, and bows and arrows.

But all this time the young artist had no paint brushes, nor were there any to be bought unless he sent to Philadelphia on purpose. However, he was a very ingenious boy, and resolved to manufacture paint-brushes

for himself. With this design he laid hold upon— what do you think? Why, upon a respectable, old, black cat that was sleeping quietly by the fireside.

‘Puss,’ said little Ben to the cat, ‘pray give me some of the fur from the tip of thy tail.’ Though he addressed the black cat so civilly, yet Ben was determined to have the fur whether she were willing or not. Puss, who had no great zeal for the fine arts, would have resisted if she could; but the boy was armed with his mother’s scissors, and very dexterously clipped off fur enough to make a paint-brush.

This was of so much use to him that he applied to madame puss again and again, until her warm coat of fur had become so thin and ragged that she could hardly keep comfortable through the winter.

an'-ces-tors: forefathers (1. *anti*
= before; *cedo, cessant* = to go).

ap-proach'-ing: coming near.

con-ceal': hide.

con-tin'-u-al-ly: always.

en-deav'-our-ing: trying.

dex'-ter-ous-ly: cleverly; neatly.

fi-nal-ly: at length; at last.

gra'-i-tude: thankfulness.

lul'-la-bies: lulling ooth
songs.

im-per'-tin-ence: unbecoming; con-
duct; rudeness.

in-ge'-ni-ous: clever.

per-form'-ances: productions.

tom'-a-hawks: small axes used in
battle by the Indians.

wig'-wams: Indian huts.

32. BENJAMIN WEST.

PART II.

ABOUT this time, Friend West received a visit from a Mr. Pennington, a merchant of Philadelphia. The visitor on entering the parlour was surprised to see it ornamented with drawings of Indian chiefs, and of birds of beautiful plumage, and of the wild flowers of the forest.

‘Why, Friend West,’ exclaimed the merchant, ‘what

has possessed thee to cover thy walls with all these pictures? Where on earth didst thou get them?’

Then Friend West explained that all these pictures were painted by little Ben, with no better materials than red and yellow ochre and a piece of indigo, and with brushes made of the black cat's fur.

‘Verily,’ said Mr. Pennington, ‘the boy hath a wonderful faculty. Some of our friends might look upon these matters as vanity; but little Benjamin appears to have been born a painter, and Providence is wiser than we are.’

One evening, shortly after Mr. Pennington's return to Philadelphia, a package arrived at Springfield directed to our little friend Ben. ‘What can it possibly be?’ thought Ben, when it was put into his hands. ‘Who could have sent me such a great square package as this?’

On taking off the thick brown paper in which it was wrapped, behold! there was a paint-box, with a great many cakes of paint, and brushes of various sizes. It was the gift of Mr. Pennington. There were likewise several squares of canvas such as artists use for painting pictures upon, and in addition to all these treasures, some beautiful engravings of landscapes. These were the first pictures that Ben had ever seen, except those of his own drawing.

What a joyful evening was this for the little artist! At bedtime he put the paint-box under his pillow, and got hardly a wink of sleep; for, all night long, his fancy was painting pictures in the darkness.

In the morning he hurried to the garret, and was seen no more till the dinner hour; nor did he give

himself time to eat more than a mouthful or two of food before he hurried back to the garret again.

The next day, and the next, he was just as busy as ever, until at last his mother thought it time to ascertain what he was about. She accordingly followed him to the garret.

On opening the door the first object that presented itself to her eyes was our friend Benjamin, giving the last touches to a beautiful picture. He had copied portions of two of the engravings, and made one picture out of both, with such admirable skill that it was far more beautiful than the originals. The grass, the trees, the water, the sky, and the houses were all painted in their proper colours. There, too, were the sunshine and shadow, looking as natural as life.

The good lady was delighted. And well might she be proud of her boy, for there were touches in this picture of which old artists, who had spent a lifetime in the business, need not have been ashamed. Many a year afterwards, this wonderful production was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London.

Well, time went on, and Benjamin continued to draw pictures, until he had now reached the age when it was proper that he should choose a business for life. His father and mother were in considerable perplexity about him.

Finally, they came to a very wise decision. It seemed evident that Providence had intended Benjamin to be a painter, and had given him abilities which would be thrown away in any other business. They determined that he should go forth into the world, and learn to be a

painter, by studying the best pictures of ancient and modern times.

So our friend Benjamin left the dwelling of his parents, and his native woods and streams, and the good friends of Springfield, and the Indians who had given him his first colours—he left all the places and persons whom he had hitherto known, and returned to them no more. He went first to Philadelphia, and afterwards to Europe.

When he was twenty-five years old he went to London and established himself there as an artist. In due course of time he acquired great fame by his pictures, and was made chief painter to King George III. and President of the Royal Academy of Arts.

He lived many years in peace and honour, and died in 1820, at the age of eighty-two. The story of his life is almost as wonderful as a fairy tale; for there are few more wonderful changes than that of a little unknown boy in the wilds of America into the most distinguished English painter of his day.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (*adapted*).

a-cad'e-my: a college.

ad'mir-a-ble: wonderful (L. *ad* - at; *miror* - to wonder).

an'-cient: very old.

as-cer-tain': make sure; learn.

en-grav'-ings: pictures printed from engraved plates.

e-sta'-blish-ed: set up.

ex-hib'-it-ed: shown (L. *ex* - out; *habeo* - to have or hold).

fac'-ul-ty: ability; power.

land'-scapes: pictures of real or

fancied scenes in nature.

or-i'-gin-als: first copies.

orn'-a-ment-ed: adorned; made pretty.

per-plex'-i-ty: trouble; uncertainty.

pro-duc'-tion: work.

pre'-sid-ent: one who takes the chief seat and conducts the business of a society (L. *pre* - before *sedeo* - to sit).

var'-i-ous: different.

GRAMMAR NOTES AND EXERCISES.

1. *Learn* : - A sentence that like the place of an *Adverb* is called a *Subordinate Adverbial sentence*.

2. Adverbial sentences of time begin with *when*, *whenever*, *when*, *where*, *till*, *since*, *after*, *etc.*

3. *Analyse the following* :

- (1) I will stay till you return.
(2) Father left before the post came.

(3) But children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow ;
When clear falls the moonlight ;
When spring tides are low :
When sweet airs come seaward
 And breathe stirred with
 bloom ;
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanched sands a bloom ;
Up the tall, shining beaches,
Up the creeks we will lie.

33. GLIMPSES OF SCIENCE.

THE COMMON CRAB.

(From the ' *Manchester Science Lectures* .')

The crab is a very interesting creature to examine a little at leisure. Look at the back of the crab, and you will see how beautifully it is arched to resist force ; how strong the shell is for the same purpose ; how the borders are indented like a pie-crust, forming counter arches to increase the strength. Then notice how nicely the eyes, which are upon movable stalks, can be put back into the sockets, and how the sockets project, so that a knock on the eye could do it no harm.

Then notice the two pairs of feelers, one pair of which fold side by side, and can be put under a sort of roof, where they are quite safe from injury. The second pair of feelers are still more carefully guarded, perhaps because they are more necessary to the creature ; they fold in the middle, and can be put away into grooves, looking very much like putting a pair of spectacles into their case.

Then if you look at the legs of the crab, you will see how beautifully they all fold up close against its body. You should look, too, at the mouth of the crab, and you will see a very singular thing. I cannot go into the particulars; but at the outside of all you will see two pieces like double doors, which fold over and cover the inner parts quite close; and then the great claws, if put where they would naturally be when the creature is at rest, securely bar the doors of the mouth and keep everything fast.

If you come to think where the crab lives, you will see how desirable it is that these things should be as I have said. The crab lives in the sea where there is a stony bottom, and at some little distance below low-water mark, but within reach of the rough weather, and is liable to be tossed about very much. Well, it can pack itself up in the way I have mentioned, and may then be rolled over and over just like a boulder stone, and take no little harm.

You see, therefore, in the case of the common crab, how well fitted it is for the circumstances in which it is placed. It has a sort of confidence in the strength of its armour too, and goes about like one of the knights of the middle ages, seeking for some one to attack. But the crab is much better protected than any knights ever were in their armour; and besides this, the crabs are their own army surgeons; they need no splints, bandages, nor lint. If they have the misfortune to have a piece of a limb snapped off in an encounter, they just give that leg a shake and off it comes at a spot almost close to the body, where nature has provided that these



CRABS AT HOME.

voluntary amputations shall take place; the bleeding stops, and the crab is at once ready to go again into the fight!

One day I found a crab at Llandudno, that had lost both its claws and all its legs but two; yet, for all that, it had not lost its courage. I picked it up, and, at the same time, selected another crab of its own size; and put them together in a dish filled with sea water. It was pretty to see how the brave little fellow, without any means whatever of attack, still stood on his defence; for that perfect crab, more shame to him! at once picked a quarrel with his unfortunate brother, and attacked him savagely. My crab stood bravely up, and defended himself as well as he could.

Now, how did it happen that a crab in this miserable state should never think of giving in? Well, I think it is that the crab still feels that, although so defenceless, he has the capabilities of a warrior left in him; he feels, perhaps, that his fresh legs and arms are already sprouting where the old ones are gone, and that if he could only be let alone for a time, he would have new claws and legs, and be able to give as good as he took.

Now, the crab can really afford to be reckless in battle, although it is not invulnerable, for nature does repair its shattered limbs as often as it is required. The brave little fellow I have been telling you of, if he could only have been put into hospital for a time, would have come out as good as new, with all his claws and legs complete, and with no need for such tender nursing as our wounded soldiers received in the Crimea from Miss Nightingale and the Sisters of Mercy. And, after all,

The result is far more satisfactory in the case of the crabs, for with them you see no crutches or wooden legs—nothing of that kind; they come out brand-new, and are as good as at first. Perhaps, if you consider this carefully, you will be led to suspect that nature did not design men with a view to their fighting in the destructive way which is now practised by civilised nations!

DR. T. ALCOCK.

am-pu-ta'-tion: cutting off a limb.

ca-pa-bi-li-ties: powers.

in-vul-ner-able: (L. *in*=not; *vul-nus*=a wound) safe from being wounded.

lint: the scrapings of linen used for putting on wounds.

Miss Nightingale: a noble-hearted lady who went out to Turkey during the Crimean war to nurse

our wounded soldiers and to improve the state of the hospitals.

sur'-ge-on: a doctor who performs operations on the human body, such as taking off diseased limbs or setting broken bones.

splints: thin pieces of wood between which a broken limb is bound.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. What is the meaning of *abs*, *dis*, *al*, *ob*, *pro*? Give two examples each of words which they help to form.

2. What is the meaning of the Latin Prefix *com*? Give the va-

rious ways in which this prefix is changed.

3. Add Latin Prefixes to the words:—*possess*, *spoil*, *solvent*, *conscious*, and give the meanings of the words thus formed.

34. TOM ENVIOUS AND DOUBLE WAGES.

(From 'Readings in Social Economy,' by Mrs. Fenwick Miller.)

PART I.

'I wish,' said Tom Envious, one morning, as he went along to his work as a carpenter, 'I wish I had the management of matters in this world for a little while.'

'What would you do, my friend?' asked a voice which sounded like the tinkling of a tiny silver bell.

Tom looked all around, but although it was so early that no people were about, he could not discover whence the voice had proceeded. However, the words had been so clear that he almost involuntarily replied to them.

‘Why, I should order shorter hours of work and more wages for all the poor working men,’ he said, promptly; ‘we shouldn’t have to work ten or twelve hours a day for the paltry few shillings most of us get now.’

‘Do I understand that you wish to benefit only your own trade, or all and every class and description of workmen?’ said the silvery voice.

As this was a longer sentence, Tom Envious had time to search out the speaker by the direction of the sound.

To his astonishment he saw a wonderful little being sitting on a paling close beside him. She was like what a fairy always is, of course, only she was not a common fairy, for her face and hands were as silvery as her voice; her raiment was of finely-beaten, shining copper, and her brow bore a crown of gold, of which material her wand likewise was composed. Tom was startled, but, being courageous, he boldly made answer that he wanted to see *all* workmen better paid, and not merely himself or his own trade.

‘Well, Tom,’ replied the fairy, ‘you shall manage my business for a month. I am the fairy who keeps the Labour Exchange Office, and the principle upon which I have done my business has been that of allowing *demand* and *supply* to balance themselves. I have left employers to offer workmen what they believed their services were worth; and, on the other hand, I have permitted work-

men freely to leave one master to go to another if they could "better themselves" by so doing.

'The workmen desire to get as high wages as they can, and the employers seek to get the workmen who will do best the work most required in the market; and this striving of each man to get the most wages he can, and of each master to get the most productive labour, seems to me to fix wages just where they *must* be. But if you fancy you can do my work better than I have done it you shall try, Tom Envious. Take my wand, and whatever you order about the general rate of wages shall be done.'

Here she extended to him her tiny gold sceptre, which was about the size of a pin; and the moment he had taken hold of it she was lost to his sight.

'I don't quite understand this,' said Tom to himself, 'but as I've got the power, why, I must do the best I can with it. I order,' he added boldly, after a moment's consideration, 'that every labourer, whatever work he does, shall have double the wages he now receives!'

* * * * *

A few hours after, while Tom was working at his bench, his employer came in and announced to the men that an edict had been issued from the office of the fairy of the Labour Exchange, ordering that double wages should be paid each man from that day forward. The workmen were all delighted at the news, fancying that it would enable them to enjoy double the comforts to which they had been accustomed.

Some thought they would *save* more, but most of them began to make plans as to how they would *spend* more, and, as a beginning, Tom and the others, who

drank beer, decided when dinner-time came round 'I have an extra quantity of their luxury. 'Let's have double,' said Tom; and, the others agreeing, the lad whom they usually sent for it was given a florin to spend at the public-house in place of the customary shilling. In a few minutes he came back in astonishment.

'Look here!' he cried, holding up the can to show that it was only the usual size. 'I've had to pay double the money for the quantity you always have; the beer's gone up to just double!'

'How is that, all of a sudden?' asked one of the men.

'Why Mr. Smith says that since all wages are raised he has to pay his potman and all of them twice as much as before; and the brewer has sent word that he is going to double the price of the beer to the trade, because *his* men's wages must be doubled; and the gasworks are going to charge double for the light; and he says everything else will go up in the same way, and so the price of the beer is just double, and if you want *twice* your usual quantity you must send *four* times the money you used to pay.'

This made the men very serious, and one and another said, as they reflectively ate their dinner, that if this was to be the case with everything, they did not see how they would gain by the rise in wages.

'It can't be so all round,' said Tom, who was the most startled, although he tried to keep up an appearance of being very confident; 'there's house-rent, for instance; the landlord won't be able to say that he has to pay the house double wages, and so must have double rent. I pay

'Six shillings for my place; now I shall be able to move to a much nicer house I know of. It is to let at twelve shillings, and there I shall get an advantage for certain.'

So although he found, as he went home, that the price of everything he wished to buy had risen like that of the beer, he still fancied he might get some benefit in other matters.

con'-fid-ent: hopeful.

con'-sid-er-a'-tion: thought.

cour-a'-geous: brave; bold.

cus'-tom-ary: usual.

de-mand': a need or want.

de-scrip'-tion: class or kind.

e'-dict: an order or law (*L. e* = out; *dicto* = I speak).

in-vol-un-ta'-ri-ly: without will or intention (*L. in* = not; *vol* = to will).

lux'-u-ry: anything pleasing to the senses; a dainty.

pal'-try: worthless; mean.

prin'-ci-ple: plan or rule.

pro-duc'-tive: valuable; useful.

re-flec'-tive-ly: thoughtfully.

scep'-tre: a staff or wand carried by sovereigns as a sign of their authority.

sup-ply': that which satisfies a want.

GRAMMAR NOTES AND EXERCISES.

1. *Learn*:—Adverbial Sentences of place, showing *where* an action is done, begin with *where*, *wherever*, *whither*, *whence*.

2. *Analyse the following*:—

- (1) I one day in tancy stray'd,
 O'er the land in sunny air,
 Where sweet childhood ever
 play'd,
 And where youth was ever
 fair.

(2) Where Blake and mighty
 Nelson fell,

Your manly hearts shall glow.

(3) Few, few shall part, where manly
 meet,

The snow shall be their winding-
 sheet.

(4) Wherever you hide, I shall find
 you.

(5) Whither you lead, I will
 follow. (6) Whence my father
 comes, I also will go. (7) Be sure
 to go where you are told.

35. TOM ENVIOUS AND DOUBLE WAGES.

PART II.

WHEN Tom got home his wife met him in a state of alarm.

'Oh, Tom, everything has gone up!' she cried.
 'Even the doctor, when he came just now to see sick

Johnnie, said that his fee would be five shillings instead of half a crown, and the 'buses have a notice on the wall that the fares are doubled. What *shall* we do?'

'It doesn't matter,' replied Tom, 'we are all to have double wages. The doctor—well, I suppose, after all, his fee is his wages, though he calls it a fee, so that's all right. Aren't you glad I'm to have double wages?'

Mrs. Envious answered tartly that she didn't see what good double wages would be to them if they had to pay twice as much for everything. So Tom explained to her his expectations about the house-rent. But lo! when the rent-day came, the landlord gave Tom notice that he should require twelve shillings a week in future instead of six.

'Why, how is that?' asked poor Tom.

'Simply because people are now ready to pay twelve shillings for a house like this, Mr. Envious,' said the landlord. 'They have all got the extra money in their wages, and as I have to pay more, for that reason, for everything I need, of course I am glad to get a higher rent to make up for it. If you don't like to pay the extra rent, others will.'

When Tom was alone, he said to himself, 'Why this is exactly the *demand* and *supply* principle of which the fairy spoke.'

'Quite so, Tom,' said the voice of the fairy, who thought that he had now learned his lesson, and so made herself visible to him again. 'You see that there cannot be such a thing as a general rise in wages by order of the law.'

'You might perhaps make the *name* of the weekly

Tom received by the workmen a higher one, but you could not add to the wealth that there is in the world by any law, and therefore you could not really raise wages, which depend upon the amount of capital there is to pay labour with, compared with the number of workmen. So now you can give me back my wand.'

'But suppose the law had said also that things should not be charged higher for?' suggested Tom, not quite certain yet that he could not secure something for his class by means of a law to raise wages.

'You are touching on another subject, Tom—that of *price* and *value*. But you can easily see that if you were to get increased wages merely by the order of the law, the increase must come from one of two sources: either from the people who buy the goods when made, or from the employers' capital. Now, if it is to come from the buyers, the cost of the goods at the shops must be increased. You have just had some experience of this state of things and now see that consumers lose as much as they gain.

'If the rise were ordered to come from the employers' capital, they would not go on employing labour. Capital, remember, is the wealth which is used to produce more wealth; and if the employer cannot get a share of that increased wealth for himself (which he could not do if he were ordered by law to pay double wages without raising the prices of his goods), why should he go on employing his wealth as capital? You don't suppose your master keeps the workshop going for his amusement, do you, Tom?'

'No, indeed,' said Tom; 'just the reverse; he keeps

it for what he can make out of it, and I thought he and the rest of the masters were getting more than their fair share. My notion was that the higher wages would come out of *their* pockets.'

'Ah!' said the fairy; 'you fancy the workmen's share of the produce of labour is not what it ought to be, and that the capitalist is greedy and takes too much! That is a mistake, too, Tom; if you think about it, you will see that the produce of labour is divided between labourers and capitalists in a way that cannot be naturally altered, just as the wages-fund is divided among the labourers according to the necessary result of *demand* and *supply*.'

'But suppose,' replied Tom, 'that I had only ordered wages to be raised in my own employment?'

'The answer would be similar,' said the learned fairy. 'The increase must come either from the consumer of the goods you make, or from your employer. If from your employer, he would cease to use his capital in *your* business, for his share of the produce would then be less than he could get in other businesses——'

'I see, dimly,' said Tom.

'You will understand better if you go on studying the subject,' said the fairy. 'If the increased wages were paid by the consumer, in the form of an increased price for the goods, the immediate result would be a smaller demand for the goods, because many of the people who had been using them would not be able to afford them at the higher price. This would result either in your shops working short time, which would bring your wages down to the old sum, but would give

in daily some hours' idleness at the expense of all the consumers of your goods; or else some hands would be discharged in consequence of the lessened demand.

'If you were one of the latter, you would not like it; and it would not lessen *your* distress to know that *others* were getting higher wages. Those who were kept on would have better times, no doubt; but remember that what they gained would be taken from the share of wealth of all the other labourers, who would have to pay more whenever they consumed what the favoured ones produced.

'Of course, the laws must not be made to favour one body of men in such a manner, without rhyme or reason. You would realise that if you had to pay sixpence instead of fourpence for every loaf of bread, simply because there was a law passed to increase the bakers' wages.'

'Then how *can* the working classes be benefited?' asked Tom, despondently.

'Not by envying others their fair share of the wealth produced by capital and labour, Tom,' said the wise fairy, 'but by increasing the wealth, so that the fair share of each may be larger. Increased industry, wisdom, and economy are the only means for increasing wealth.'

cap'i-tal-ist: a man who has a large capital or stock-in-trade; a wealthy employer.

con-sum'er: the one who buys and uses goods.

de-spond'ent-ly: without hope.

e-con'o-my: thrift; prevention of loss or waste.

em-ploy'ment: service; work.

ex-pec-ta-tions: hopes.

im-me'di-ate: direct.

in'-dus-try: diligence; close attention to business.

price: the amount of *money* required to pay for anything.

re'-al-ise: feel.

re-verse: opposite.

sim'-i-lar: the same; like.

sug-gest'-ed: added; hinted.

val'-ue: the amount of *goods* that can be obtained in exchange for anything.

GRAMMAR NOTES AND EXERCISES.

1. *Learn* :— Adverbial Sentences of manner showing *how* an action is done generally begin with the Relative Adverb *as*.

2. *Notice* :— Sentences beginning with *as* are frequently contracted, as :— *Mary wrote as I expected (her to write)*.

3. *Analyse the following sentences, taking care to supply the words omitted* :—

- (1) Tell me not of Arthur's tab,
As a vague, uncertain rhy;
Must our good be all a fable,
Only true our deeds of crim;
(2) Nature loves, as lady bright, :
In gayest guise to shine,
All forms of grace, all tints of
light,
Fringe her robe divine.
(3) And the tartan clove the turban
As the Goomtee cleaves the
plain.

36. THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Thomas Campbell (1777 1841) nobly won for himself a high place as a lyrical poet in spite of his hard struggles with poverty. Among his best poems are 'The Pleasures of Hope,' 'Lochiel's Warning,' 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' and 'Hohenlinden.'

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold, determined hand
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.—

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime ;
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time, —

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene ;
And her race the fleetest rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
' Hearts of oak ! ' our captains cried ; when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ; --
Their shots along the deep slowly boom : --
Then ceased -- and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail,
Or, in the conflagration pale,
Light the gloom. --

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave ;
' Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save : --
So peace instead of death let us bring ;
' But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.' --

45

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;

And the sounds of joy and grief
 From her people wildly rose,
 As death withdrew his shades from the day ;
 While the sun looked smiling bright
 O'er a wide and woeful sight,
 Where the fires of funeral light
 Died away.

51

Now joy, Old England, raise
 For the tidings of thy might,
 By the festal cities' blaze,
 Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
 And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep,
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore !

63

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died,
 With the gallant good Riou ;
 Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
 While the billow mournful rolls,
 And the mermaid's song condoles,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave !—

72

ad-a-man'-tine : of extreme hardness.

an-ti-ci-pate : to take beforehand.

con-doles' : expresses sorrow for.

con-fla-gra'-tion : a fire on a great scale.

le-vi'-a-thans : huge animals de-

scribed in the book of Job ; refer here to the war-ships.

El'-sin-ore : on the Sound, the entrance to the Baltic Sea ; dues were collected here up to 1857 by the Danish Government.

fath'-om : six feet.

WORD-BUILDING.

. Distinguish between **English** and **Latin Prefixes** in the words :

wait, anticipate, uproar, conflagration, submission, repose.

. Put such **Prefixes** before the following words that will make their meanings opposite to what

they now are : *solvent, honour, liberality, generous, provident, combed, discreet, popular.*

3. Give two words in which each of the following **Prefixes** is used : *super, semi, sub, per, inter, dis, ob, pro.*

37. DESCRIPTION OF A STORM.

(From 'Vivian Grey,' by Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield)

Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, was born in London in 1805. He was the eldest son of Isaac Disraeli, the celebrated author of the 'Curiosities of English Literature,' and seems to have inherited literary ability from his father, for at the age of 20 he published his first novel, '**Vivian Grey**,' and this was quickly followed by '**The Young Duke**,' '**Henrietta Temple**,' and others. After extensive travels in the East he returned to England and entered Parliament, and for the next forty years he was one of the leading men of the House of Commons. He held many positions in the Government and was twice Prime Minister. Among his publications since entering political life are '**Coningsby**,' '**Sybil**,' '**Tancred**,' and '**Endymion**,' works curiously compounded of politics and fiction. He died in 1881, and very few men have been more lamented.

THEY looked round on every side, and hope gave way before the scene of desolation. Immense branches were shivered from the largest trees ; small ones were entirely stripped of their leaves ; the long grass was bowed to the earth ; the waters were whirled in eddies out of the little rivulets ; birds, leaving their nests to seek shelter in the crevices of the rocks, unable to stem the driving air, flapped their wings and fell upon the earth ; the frightened animals of the plain, almost suffocated by the impetuosity of the wind, sought safety and found destruction ; some of the largest trees were torn up by the roots ; the sluices of the mountains were filled, and innumerable torrents rushed down the before empty gullies. The heavens now open, and the lightning and thunder contend with the horrors of the wind.

In a moment all was again hushed. Dead silence succeeded the bellow of the thunder, the roar of the wind, the rush of the waters, the moaning of the beasts, the screaming of the birds. Nothing was heard save the splash of the agitated lake, as it beat up against the black rocks which girt it in.

Again, greater darkness enveloped the trembling earth. Anon, the heavens were rent with lightning, which nothing could have quenched but the descending deluge. Cataracts poured down from the lowering firmament. For an instant the horses dashed madly forward; beast and rider blinded and stifled by the gushing rain, and gasping for breath. Shelter was nowhere. The quivering beasts reared and snorted, and sank upon their knees, dismounting their riders.

He had scarcely spoken, when there burst forth a terrific noise, they knew not what; a rush they could not understand; a vibration which shook them on their horses. Every terror sank before the roar of the cataract. It seemed that the mighty mountain, unable to support its weight of waters, shook to the foundation. A lake had burst upon its summit, and the cataract became a falling ocean. The source of the great deep appeared to be discharging itself over the range of mountains; the great grey peak tottered on its foundation!—It shook!—It fell! and buried in its ruins the castle, the village, and the bridge!

crev'-ic-es: cracks.

girt: shut in; enclosed.

gul'-lies: deep and narrow valleys.

im-pet-u-os'-i-ty: eagerness.

riv'-u-let: a small stream.

sum'-mit: the highest point.

vi-bra'-tion: trembling; shaking;
moving backwards and forwards.

whirled in eddies: twisted round
and round.

GRAMMAR NOTES AND EXERCISES.

Learn :—Adverbial Sentences of degree generally begin with the coordinate Conjunction *than*, or the Relative Adverb *as*.

2. Notice :—Sentences beginning with *as* and *than* are frequently contracted, as : *My brother is taller than I (am tall)*.

3. Analyse the following sentences, taking care to supply words omitted :—

- (1) Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot !
- (2) Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe.
- (3) I fear thee, Ancient Mariner,
I fear thy skinny hand !
And thou art long, and lank,
and brown,
As is the ribbed sea sand !

38. THE DEATH OF NELSON.

(From Southey's *Life of Nelson*.)

Robert Southey, the poet, was born at Bristol in 1774. After leaving Oxford he spent some time in travelling in Spain and Portugal, and then settled down at Keswick, in Cumberland. Here he commenced an almost unexampled career of industry in literary composition of every description. Though he wrote much, he wrote everything carefully and well. His biographies, especially, are admirable, and of these, his '*Life of Nelson*' is perhaps one of the best biographies in the language. He was a friend of Wordsworth and Coleridge. Some of his shorter poems are still much admired. He died in 1843.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the 'Redoubtable,' supposing that she had struck because her great guns were silent ; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact.

From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He

fell upon his face on the spot which was covered with poor secretary's blood.

Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round saw three men raising him up. 'They have done for me at last, Hardy!' said he. 'I hope not!' cried Hardy. 'Yes,' he replied, 'my backbone is shot through. Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller-ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately. Then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar."

The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived upon examination that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful. 'For,' said he, 'you can do nothing for me.' All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the

on, which now began to declare itself. As often as a struck, the crew of the 'Victory' hurrahed; and at hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: 'Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!'

An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. 'Well, Hardy,' said Nelson, 'how goes the day with us?' 'Very well,' replied Hardy; 'ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the "Victory." I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing.' 'I hope,' said Nelson, 'none of our ships have struck?' Hardy answered, 'There was no fear of that.' Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. 'I am a dead man, Hardy,' said he. 'I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon.' Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. 'Oh no!' he replied; 'it is impossible; my back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so.' Captain Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him; and with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this,

said to him : ' You know I am gone. I know it. I something rising in my breast ' (putting his hand on left side) ' which tells me so.' And upon Beatty quiring whether his pain was very great, he replied : great that he wished he was dead. Yet,' said he, in a lower tone, ' one would like to live a little longer, too !' .

Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly, but fourteen or fifteen at least. ' That's well !' cried Nelson ; ' but I bargained for twenty.' And then, in a stronger voice, he said : ' Anchor, Hardy ; anchor.' Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. ' Not while I live, Hardy,' said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed ; ' do you anchor.'

His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him, in a low voice : ' Don't throw me overboard ;' and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. ' Kiss me, Hardy,' said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek ; and Nelson said : ' Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty !' Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again, and kissed his forehead. ' Who is that ?' said Nelson ; and being informed, he replied : ' God bless you, Hardy !' And Hardy then left him, for ever.



THE 'VICTORY' TOWED INTO GIBRALTAR. (Copied from Stenfield's picture in the National Gallery.)

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side and said: 'I wish I had not left the deck, for I soon be gone.' Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain: 'Doctor, I have *not* been a sinner.' His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, 'Thank God, I have done my duty!' These words he repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four, three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

'Anchor, Hardy!': Nelson foresaw from the appearances of the weather and the crippled condition of the ships, that if they did not anchor they would be lost. Hence his order, which was not carried out, and so many ships were wrecked.

chaplain: the chaplain of the 'Victory' was Dr. Scott.

cockpit: the place deep down in the ship where the wounded were taken.

Colinvaux: captain of the 'Royal Sovereign,' which led the attack.

ep'aulettes: the knot worn on the shoulder to mark an officer.

Hardy was flag-captain of the 'Victory' at the battle of Trafalgar.

had struck: had hauled down her flag in token of defeat.

his stars: badges of distinction.

his secretary: Mr. Scott, who was killed early in the battle.

mizzen-top: the top of the mizzen-mast, which is the one nearest the stern.

pal'-let: bed.

tiller-ropes: ropes which helped to move the tiller which moved the rudder.

'Victory': the ship in which Nelson was killed; still to be seen in Portsmouth Harbour.

39. GOLDSMITH AND ADDISON.

(From '*English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century*,' by William Makepeace Thackeray.)

William Makepeace Thackeray, one of the greatest of English novelists, was born at Calcutta in 1811. He was brought to England when young, and educated first at the Charterhouse and then at Cambridge University. Having a great inclination for the life of an artist he travelled on the Continent and visited the chief art centres, but after a time he devoted himself to literature. After writing for various magazines he joined the

'Punch,' and was there associated with such men as **John Gilbert A'Beckett**, and **Douglas Jerrold**. The well-known **Papers** and '**Jeames's Diary**' first appeared in the pages of 'In 1816 Thackeray began to publish in monthly numbers early fiction, '**Vanity Fair**,' which first fairly showed the world that he could do, and established his reputation. This was followed by '**Pendennis**,' '**History of Henry Esmond**,' '**The Newcomes**,' and other works. He died in 1863.

I. GOLDSMITH.

To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man! A wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and achieve name and fortune—and after years of dire struggle, and neglect, and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home; he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples **Adburn** and **Wakefield** with the remembrances of **Lissoy**.

Wander he must, but he carries away a home-relie with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant; in repose it longs for change, as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air-castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would fly away this hour, but that a cage, necessity, keeps him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style, and humour? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns?

Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and

tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sits to you. Who could harm the kind vagrant harpist? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon but the harp on which he plays to you, and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captain in the tents, or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of 'The Vicar of Wakefield' he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however busy or hard, but once or twice in our lives has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music.

II. ADDISON.

We love him for his vanities as much as his virtues. What is ridiculous is delightful in him; we are so fond of him because we laugh at him so. And out of that laughter, and out of that sweet weakness, and out of those harmless eccentricities and follies, and out of that touched brain, and out of that honest manhood and simplicity—we get a result of happiness, goodness, tenderness, pity, piety; such as doctors and divines but seldom have the fortune to inspire.

When this man looks from the world, whose weaknesses he describes so benevolently, up to the heaven which shines over us all, I can hardly fancy a human face lighted up with a more serene rapture; a human intellect thrilling with a purer love and adoration than Joseph Addison's. Listen to him; from your childhood

have known the verses; but who can hear their
sad music without love and awe?

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
And all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Among their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
The Hand that made us is divine.

It seems to me those verses shine like the stars. They shine out of a great, deep calm. When he turns to Heaven, a Sabbath comes over that man's mind; and his face lights up from it with a glory of thanks and prayers. His sense of religion stirs through his whole being. In the fields, in the town; looking at the birds in the trees; at the children in the streets; in the morning or in the moonlight; over his books in his own room; in a happy party at a country merry-making or a town assembly, good-will and peace to God's creatures, and love and awe of Him who made them, fill his pure heart and shine from his kind face. If Swift's life was the most wretched, I think Addison's was one of the most enviable. A life prosperous and beautiful—a calm death—an immense fame and affection afterwards for his happy and spotless name.

Au'-burn: the name given by Goldsmith to the village which he so beautifully describes in his poem 'The Deserted Village.'

be-név'-o-lent-ly: kindly.

ec-cen-tri-ci-ty: strangeness.

Gold'-smith: died 1774. His best-known work is 'The Vicar of Wakefield.'

in'-tel-lect: mind; brain.

Lis-oy': a quaint Irish Westmeath; the home of a smith from boyhood to manhood.

Swift: an Irish writer who died 1745 after three years of mental suffering. He wrote 'Gulliver's Travels,' &c.

vag'-rant: wandering.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. What **Latin Prefixes** help to make the following words: *affection, recollection, eccentricities, inspire, religion*?

2. By the aid of **Prefixes** and the root *verto* . . I turn, make words which mean: - *to turn away from,*

to turn with, to turn back, to turn in.

3. With what **Latin Prepositions** are the following **Prefixes** connected, and give their meanings: - *ar, co, al, por, oc, cf, af, il, counter, sug*?

40. SIR ROGER ON THE BENCH.

Joseph Addison was born in 1672 at Milston, in Wiltshire. He was sent to the Charterhouse School, where he became acquainted with Steele (afterwards Sir Richard). At the age of fifteen he entered Queen's College, Oxford, and soon became distinguished for his skill in Latin poetry. His old schoolfellow Steele commenced the 'Tatler,' and afterwards the 'Spectator,' to both of which Addison largely contributed. In 1713, Addison brought out a tragedy, 'Cato,' which was successful. Addison's poems are now little read, but his prose writings charm us by their gracefulness, delicate fancy, and original humour. He died in 1719.

PART I.

A MAN'S first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; the next to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct, when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and goodwill which are paid him by everyone that lives within his neighbourhood.

I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes. As we were upon the road Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rode before us and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

'The first of them,' says he, 'that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about a hundred pounds a year, an honest man. He is just within the Game Act, and qualified to kill a hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges; in short, he is a very sensible man, shoots flying, and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

'The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments; he plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the

ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution. His father left him fourscore pounds a year, and he has cast, and been cast so often, that he is worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow tree.'

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told them that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow-travellers an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such-an-one, if he pleased, might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot; and, after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that much might be said on both sides. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

ap-pro-ba'-tion: approval; satisfaction with.

as-si'-zes: courts held by the judges in various towns to try prisoners.

be-ne'-vo-lence: goodness of heart.

cen'-sures: reproaches.

dis-sat'-is-fi-ed: not pleased.

e-ject'-ments: (L. *e* = out; *jacio* = I throw) writs or warrants for turning anyone out of property held illegally.

petty jury: the jury which tries cases not bad enough to be taken before a judge.

pro-se-cu'-tion: (L. *pro* = onwards; *sequor* = to follow) pursuing by law.

shoots flying: shoots the bird on the wing, or when it is flying.

within the Game Act: any person having property worth 40*l.* a year was allowed to kill game.

yeo'-man: farmer.

WORD-BUILDING.

Point out and give the meaning of the Latin Prefixes in : -
sed, ejection, dissatisfied.
 2. Give the force of the Prefix
n in the following words : in-

valuable, include, illegal, irresistible, induct, implant, income, indiscussible.

3. Give the various forms of the Prefixes *ad, ob, in*, with an example of each.

41. SIR ROGER ON THE BENCH.

PART II.

THE court was sat before Sir Roger came, but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit.

I was listening to the proceeding of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose that I shall not trouble my readers with an

account of it ; and I believe was not so much design the knight himself to inform the court, as to give I figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the court.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to the gentlemen of the country gathering about my friend, and striving who should compliment him most ; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem.

When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family ; and to do honour to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door ; so that the knight's head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter.

As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and goodwill, he only told him that he made him too high a compliment, and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a duke, but told him at the same time that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter by the knight's directions to add a pair of

kers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the
 ures to change it into the Saracen's Head.
 I should not have known this story had not the inn-
 stery upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my
 aring that his honour's head was brought back last
 ight with the alterations that he had ordered to be made
 in it. Upon this my friend, with his usual cheerfulness,
 related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the
 head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear
 discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary
 upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which,
 notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most
 extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant
 resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing
 me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it
 possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at
 first kept my usual silence, but upon the knight's conjuring
 me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself
 than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best
 manner I could, and replied that much might be said on
 both sides.

These several adventures, with the knight's behaviour
 in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with
 in any of my travels.

ad-min-is-tra'-tion: carrying out ;
 enforcing.

cir'-cuit: each judge has to go
 from town to town in a certain
 part of the country, which is
 therefore called a *circuit* (L. *cir-*
cum = round; *co, itum* = to go).

com'-pli-ment: to use expressions
 of regard and esteem.

con-jur'-ing: making to swear.

es-tate': property; land.

in-dis-cree'-tion: rashness, want of
 thought.

in-trep-id'-i-ty: courage.

jus'-tic-es: magistrates, not judges.

re-pu-ta'-tion: good name.

re-sem'-blance: likeness.

Sar'-a-cen: a Mohannedan in-
 habitant of Syria.

verge: boundary; edge.

How she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,
Took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me
Forth my gown!

All those things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways,
Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;
And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I
Return,

Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his
urn.

The house that was the happiest within the Roman
walls,

The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble
halls, 20

Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal
gloom,

And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.

The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this
way!

See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the
prey!

With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed,
bereft,

Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.

He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can
save

Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of
the slave;

Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me
one more kiss;

And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but
this.

With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in
side,

And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one soul
died !

Then, for a little moment, all people held their breath,
And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of death !

And in another moment brake forth from one and all

A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall.

Some with averted faces shrieking fled home again ;

Some ran to call a leech ; and some ran to lift the slain

Some felt her lips and little wrist, if life might there be
found ;

And some tore up their garments fast, and strove to stanch
the wound. 40

In vain they ran, and felt, and stanch'd ; for never truer
blow

That good right arm had dealt in fight against a Volscian
foe.

When Appius Claudius saw that deed, he shuddered and
sank down,

And hid his face some little space with the corner of his
gown,

Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered
nigh,

And stood before the judgment-seat, and held the knife
on high.

' Oh ! dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us
twain ;

And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line ! '



So spake the slayer of his child, and turned, and
 his way ;
 But first he cast one haggard glance to where the bod
 And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then,
 steadfast feet,
 Strode right across the market-place unto the Sacred Street
 Then up sprang Appius Claudius : ' Stop him ; alive or
 dead !
 Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings
 his head.'
 He looked upon his clients ; but none would work his will.
 He looked upon his lictors ; but they trembled, and stood
 still.
 And, as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
 Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left. 60
 And he hath passed in safety into his woeful home,
 And then ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are done
 in Rome.

Ap'-pi-us Claud'-i-us: the head of one of the great noble (patrician) families, who treated with great cruelty the common people (plebeians).

a-main': suddenly ; at once.

Cap'-u-a: formerly a large and prosperous city, about 100 miles south of Rome.

civ'-ic crown: made of the leaves of three different sorts of oak, and bestowed upon a Roman soldier who had saved the life of a comrade in battle by slaying his foe.

cli'-ent: a citizen, who put himself under the protection of a man of influence, who, in respect to that relation, was called his *patron*.

fierh'-er: a butcher.

Fo'-rum: public place in Rome

where causes were tried and speeches made to the people.

gown: called the *toga*, the distinctive dress of the Roman citizen. Youths wore a purple hemmed gown, men a white one.

leech: a doctor.

neth'-er: lower ; belonging to the region below.

sham'-bles: a butcher's shop and slaughter-house.

the Sacred Street: the Via Sacra leading to the Forum.

urn: after burning the dead (*cremation*) the ashes were collected in a vessel or urn.

Vol'-scians, or Vol'-sces: a neighbouring tribe to the Romans, and with whom they waged bitter war in the early times.

whit'-tle: a knife.

43. THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

(From 'Les Misérables,' by Victor Hugo.)

Victor Hugo, one of the most prolific and best known of French authors, was born in 1802. Some of his books have been translated into all the principal European languages. His fame rests principally on his '**Notre Dame de Paris**,' which is known in England under the title of the '**Hunchback of Notre Dame**.' Another well-known work is '**Les Misérables**.'

PART I.

HAD it not rained on the night of June 17, 1815, the future of Europe would have been changed. A few drops of water, more or less, prostrated Napoleon. That Waterloo should be the end of his long series of victories, Providence needed only a little rain; and an unseasonable cloud crossing the sky sufficed for the overthrow of a world!

The battle of Waterloo could not be commenced before half-past eleven. Why? Because the ground was soft. It was necessary to wait for it to acquire some little firmness, so that the heavy artillery could be moved.

Had the ground been dry, the action would have been commenced at six o'clock in the morning. The battle would have been finished and won at two o'clock; three hours before the Prussians under Blücher came up and turned the scale of fortune in favour of the English.

How much fault is there on the part of Napoleon in the loss of this battle? His plan of battle was, all confess, a masterpiece. To march straight to the centre of the allied line, pierce the enemy, cut them in two, make of Wellington and Blücher two fragments, seize Brussels, throw the Prussians into the Rhine and the Englishmen

into the sea—all this, for Napoleon, was in this battle. What would have followed, anybody can see.

Both generals had carefully studied the plan of Waterloo. Already, in the preceding year, Wellington had examined it as a possible site for a great battle. He had chosen this ground, and for this contest, Wellington had the favourable side, Napoleon the unfavourable. The English army was above, the French army below. Towards four o'clock the situation of the English army was serious. There was but one knot left—the centre. That still held.

It occupied a plateau, with the village of Waterloo behind it, and in front a declivity, which at that time was steep. Wellington, anxious but calm, was on horseback, and remained there the whole day in the same attitude. He was frigidly heroic. 'The balls rained down. Lord Hill, showing him a bursting shell, said: 'My lord, what are your instructions, and what orders do you leave us, if you allow yourself to be killed?'

'To follow my example,' answered Wellington.

The day was clearly going badly. Wellington cried to the companions of his former victories: 'Boys, we must not be beaten? What would they say of us in England?' The English line staggered backwards. Only the artillery and the sharpshooters were seen on the crest of the plateau; the rest disappeared. The regiments, driven by the shells and bullets of the French, fell back into the valley; the battle-front of the English was slipping away: Wellington gave ground. 'Beginning retreat!' cried Napoleon.

. At the moment when Wellington drew back, Napoleon

fted up. He saw the plateau suddenly laid bare, and front of the English army disappearing. It rallied, kept concealed. The Emperor half rose in his stirrups. The flush of victory passed into his eyes. Wellington had fallen back. It remained only to complete this repulse by a crushing charge. Napoleon, turning abruptly, sent off a courier at full speed to Paris to announce that the battle was won.

He ordered the cuirassiers to carry the plateau. They were three thousand five hundred. They formed a line of half a mile. They were gigantic men on colossal horses. Then was seen a fearful sight. All this cavalry, with sabres drawn, banners waving, and trumpets sounding, formed in column, descended with even movement and as one man—with the precision of a bronze battering-ram opening a breach.

Behind the crest of the plateau, under cover of the masked battery, the English infantry formed in thirteen squares, with musket to the shoulder, and eye upon their sights, waiting, calm, silent, and immovable. They could not see the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers could not see them.

They listened to the rising of this tide of men. They heard the increasing sound of three thousand horses, the alternate and measured striking of their hoofs at full trot, the rattling of the cuirasses, the clinking of the sabres, and a sort of fierce roar of the coming host. There was a moment of fearful silence; then, suddenly, a long line of raised arms brandishing sabres appeared above the crest, with helmets, trumpets, and standards. It was like the beginning of an earthquake.

al-*lied'*: combined; joined.
co-*los'-sal*: huge; very great.
cour'-*i-er*: a messenger.
cui-*rasse'*: (pronounced *kwe-ras'*)
 a breastplate.
cui-*ras-siers'*: (pronounced *kwe-
 ras-seers'*) soldiers armed with
 breastplates.
de-*cliv'-i-ty*: a downward slope.
fri'-*gid-ly*: coldly; stiffly.

gen'-*er-al*: the commander of
 an army.
gi-*gan'-tic*: like giants; very
 large.
masked bat'-*ter-y*: hidden can-
 non.
pla-*teau'*: a tableland.
pre-*ci'-sion*: exactness; nicely.
pro-*stra'-ted*: overthrew.
ral'-*lied*: again formed in order.
sa'-*bres*: swords.
suf-*fice'-ed*: was enough.

GRAMMAR NOTES AND EXERCISES.

1. *Learn*:—Adverbial Sentences showing Condition generally begin with *if*, *unless*, *except*, *though*, *although*, *as*: *Though the cold was severe*, we greatly enjoyed ourselves. That man will never succeed, *unless his conduct improves*. We will go, *if you have a holiday*.

2. *Analyse the following*:

(1) If you do keep them careful, Then God will you reward;
 If otherwise you seem to deal, God will your deeds regard.
 (2) Though I am poor, yet am rich. (3) Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. (4) Unless you use your opportunities you will never succeed in life.

44. THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

PART II.

ARRIVED at the crest of the hill, full of fury, and bent upon the extermination of the squares and cannons, the cuirassiers saw between themselves and the English a ditch—a grave! It was a sunken road.

It was a frightful moment. There was the ravine, unlooked for, yawning at the very feet of the horses, two fathoms deep between its double slopes. The second rank pushed in the first, the third pushed in the second: the horses reared, threw themselves over, fell upon their backs, and struggled with their feet in the air, piling up and overturning their riders; no power to retreat. The charge intended to crush the English crushed the French!

Riders and horses rolled in together pell-mell, grind-

each other, making common flesh in this dreadful battle, and when the grave was full of living men, the battle rode over them and passed on. Here the loss of the battle began. At the same time the English artillery was unmasked. Sixty cannon and the thirteen squares thundered and flashed into the cuirassiers. All the English flying artillery took position in the squares at a gallop. The cuirassiers had not even time to breathe. But the disaster of the sunken road had not discouraged them. They were men who, though diminished in numbers, grew greater in heart.

The cuirassiers hurled themselves upon the English squares. At full gallop, with free rein, their sabres in their teeth and their pistols in their hands, the attack began. There are moments in battle when the soul hardens a man, even to changing the soldier into a statue, and all his flesh becomes granite. The English battalions, desperately assailed, did not yield an inch. Then it was frightful!

All sides of the English squares were attacked at once. The first rank, with knee on the ground, received the cuirassiers on their bayonets, the second shot them down; behind the second rank the cannoneers loaded their guns, the front of the square opened, made way for an eruption of grape-shot, and closed again.

The cuirassiers answered by rushing upon them with crushing force. Their great horses reared, trampled upon the ranks, leaped over the bayonets, and fell, gigantic, in the midst of these four living walls. The musket-balls made gaps in the ranks of the cuirassiers; the cuirassiers made breaches in the squares. Files of

men disappeared, ground down beneath the hoofs and feet.

The cuirassiers, now few in number, had to cope with almost the whole of the English army; but they multiplied themselves—each man became equal to ten. Nevertheless, some battalions fell back. Wellington saw it, and remembered his cavalry. Had Napoleon, at that moment, remembered his infantry, he would even then have won the battle. This forgetfulness was his great, fatal blunder.

Suddenly the assailing cuirassiers perceived that they were assailed. The English cavalry was at their back. The cuirassiers, attacked front, flank, and rear by infantry and cavalry, were compelled to face in all directions. What was that to them? They were a whirlwind. Their valour became unspeakable. They annihilated seven squares out of thirteen, took or spiked sixty pieces of cannon, and took from the English regiments six colours.

This strange battle was like a duel between two wounded infuriates, who, while yet fighting and resisting, lose all their blood. Which of the two shall fall first?

At five o'clock Wellington drew out his watch, and was heard to murmur, '*Blucher, or night!*' It was about this time that a distant line of bayonets glistened.

The rest is known: the irruption of a third army; eighty-six pieces of artillery suddenly thundering forth; the whole English line pushing forward. '*Up, guards, and at them!*' cried Wellington.

The red regiment of English Guards, lying concealed behind the hedges, rose up. All hurled themselves

reach-ward, and the final carnage began. The French army
 ? yon- back rapidly from all sides at once. The whole
 streets, cracks, snaps, floats, rolls, crashes, falls, hurries,
 plunges. Napoleon gallops along the fugitives, urges,
 threatens, entreats. He is hardly recognised.

The Prussian cavalry, just come up, spring forward,
 fling themselves upon the enemy, sabre, cut, hack, kill,
 exterminate. The French crush and crowd; they trample
 upon the living and the dead. Arms are broken. A
 multitude fills roads, paths, bridges, plains, hills, valleys,
 woods, choked up by the flight of forty thousand men.
 Cries, despair; knapsacks and muskets cast into the
 growing corn; no more comrades, no more officers, no
 more generals.

* * * * *

In the gathering night, in a distant field, was seen a
 haggard, thoughtful, gloomy man, who, dragged thus far
 by the current of the rout, had dismounted, passed the
 bridle of his horse under his arm, and, with bewildered
 eye, was returning *alone* towards Waterloo. It was
 Napoleon!

an-ni'-hil-a-ted: reduced to no-
 thing (L. *nil*, nothing).
ar-til'-le-ry: soldiers who work
 the heavy guns or cannon.
as-sail'-ing: attacking (L. *ad* -
 upon; *salio* to leap).
bat-tal'-ion: a body of about 800
 foot-soldiers.
carn'-age: slaughter.
cav'-al-ry: horse-soldiers.
de'-sper-ate-ly: without hope.
dis-as'-ter: a great and sudden
 misfortune.
e-rup'-tion: a breaking out.
ex-ter'-min-ate: utterly destroy..

fa'-tal: deadly.
fath'-om: a measure of 6 feet.
fu'-gi-tives: those seeking safety
 in flight.
hag'-gard: careworn.
in'-fan-try: foot-soldiers.
in-fu'-ri-ates: mad men.
ir-rup'-tion: a breaking into (L.
rumpe = to break).
knap'-sacks: bags containing food
 or clothing strapped on the backs
 of foot-soldiers.
rav'-ine: a deep and narrow hollow.
re'-cog-nised: known.
un-mask'-ed: uncovered.

GRAMMAR NOTES AND EXERCISES.

1. *Learn* :—A sentence that takes the place of a Noun is called a *Noun Sentence*.

2. The Subject of a sentence is a Noun or anything that can be put in the place of a noun; therefore a Noun Sentence may serve as *Subject*, as: *That Mary is a truthful girl* is certain.

3. *Analyse the following* :

(1) That he was guilty is clear. (2) Whether the author the crime will ever be discovered is uncertain. (3) Why the general suddenly retreated will never be known. (4) That we should obey our parents is a divine command. (5) However she could be so ungrateful is a mystery to me. (6) Where they now live is a secret.

45. GLIMPSES OF SCIENCE.

THE GREAT CAÑON.

(From 'The Fairyland of Science,' by Miss Buckley.)

CAÑON is a Spanish word for a rocky gorge, and these gorges are, indeed, so grand, that if we had not seen in other places what water can do, we should never have been able to believe that it could have cut out these gigantic chasms. For more than three hundred miles the Colorado River, coming down from the Rocky Mountains, has eaten its way through a country made of granite and hard beds of limestone and sandstone, and it has cut down straight through these rocks, leaving walls from half a mile to a mile high standing straight up from it.

The cliffs of the Great Cañon, as it is called, stretch up for more than a mile above the river, which flows in the gorge below. Fancy yourselves for a moment in a boat on this river, and looking up at these gigantic walls of rock towering above you. Even half-way up them, a man, if he could get there, would seem so small that you could not see him without a telescope; while the opening at the top between the two walls would seem so narrow



THE GREAT CAÑON.

at such an immense distance, that the sky above we have the appearance of nothing more than a narrow streak of blue.

Yet these huge chasms have not been made by any violent breaking apart of the rocks or convulsion of an earthquake. No, they have been gradually, silently, and steadily cut through by the river, which now glides quietly in the wider chasms, or rushes rapidly through the narrow gorges at their feet.

No description can convey the idea of the varied and majestic grandeur of this peerless waterway. Wherever the river turns, the entire panorama changes. Stately façades, august cathedrals, amphitheatres, rotundas, castellated walls, and rows of time-stained ruins surmounted by every form of tower, minaret, dome, and spire, have been moulded from the huge masses of rock that form the mighty defile.

am-phi-the'-a-tre : a circular building with rows of seats one above another, around an open space, called the arena, in which sports and other displays were carried on.

chasm : a deep rift or gorge.

con-vul'-sion : a violent movement.

fa-çade : the face or front of a

building.

gi-gant'-ic : of enormous size.

pan-o-ra'-ma : a picture, showing a number of scenes, which can be unrolled and made to pass before the eye.

ro-tun'-da : a round building.

te'-le-scope : a glass for showing things at a distance.

GRAMMAR NOTES AND EXERCISES.

1. *Learn* :—Adverbial Sentences of Cause, showing *why* an action is done, generally begin with *because* or *for*, as : Harry was punished, *because he was late*. The general could not gain the battle, *for his men were dispirited*. Retreat, *for the battle is lost*!

2. *Analyse the following* :—

(1) And so he did and won it, too.
For he got first to town.

(2) The monks thought they could defend their abbey against the Danes, *because the walls and gates were so strong*. (3) *Because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed*. (4) The Lake-district should be visited, *for the scenery is delightful*.

46. MR. WINKLE ON SKATES.

(From the 'Pickwick Papers,' by Charles Dickens.)

'Mr.,' said Wardle, after lunch, 'what say you to an
ur on the ice? We shall have plenty of time.'

'Capital!' said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

'Prime!' ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

'You skate, of course, Winkle Wardle

'Ye---yes; oh yes!' replied Mr. Winkle. I—I
am *rather* out of practice.'

'Oh, do skate, Mr. Winkle!' said Arabella. 'I like
to see it *so* much!'

'Oh, it is so graceful!' said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth
expressed her opinion that it was 'swan-like.'

'I should be very happy, I'm sure,' said Mr. Winkle,
reddening; 'but I have no skates.'

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had
a couple of pairs, and the fat boy announced that there
were half a dozen more downstairs; whereat Mr. Winkle
expressed his delight, but looked most uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice;
and the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shovelled and
swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the
night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a
dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous,
and described circles with his left leg, and cut upon the
ice (without once stopping for breath) figures of 8, and a
great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to
the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman,
and the ladies.

All this time, Mr. Winkle, with his face and blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into soles of his feet, and putting his skates on with the heels behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

‘Now then, sir,’ said Sam, in an encouraging tone. ‘off with you, and show ‘em how to do it.’

‘Stop, Sam, stop!’ said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam’s arms with the grasp of a drowning man. ‘How slippery it is, Sam!’

‘Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir,’ replied Mr. Weller. ‘Hold up, sir.’

This last observation of Mr. Weller’s bore reference to the fact that Mr. Winkle at that instant seemed to have a frantic desire to throw his feet into the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

‘Now, Winkle!’ cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. ‘Come; the ladies are all anxiety.’

‘Yes, yes,’ replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile, ‘I’m coming.’

‘Just going to begin!’ cried Sam, endeavouring to disengage himself. ‘Now, sir, start off!’

‘Stop an instant, Sam,’ gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. ‘I find I’ve got a couple of coats at home that I don’t want, Sam. You may have them, Sam.’

‘Thank’ee, sir,’ said Mr. Weller.

‘Never mind touching your hat, Sam,’ said Mr. de, hastily. ‘You needn’t take your hand away to do

I meant to give you five shillings this morning for a stmas-box, Sam. I’ll give it you this afternoon, Sam.’

‘You’re very good, sir,’ replied Mr. Weller.

‘Just hold me at first, Sam, will you?’ said Mr. Winkle. ‘There, that’s right! I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam! Not too fast!’

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller in a very singular and un-swan-like manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank:—

‘Sam!’

‘Sir?’ said Mr. Weller.

‘Here, I want you!’

‘Let go, sir,’ said Sam. ‘Don’t you hear the governor calling? Let go, sir!’

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonised Winkle, and in so doing, gave a considerable impetus to him. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the skaters, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty.

Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind on skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic

efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on lineament of his countenance.

'Are you hurt?' inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, great anxiety.

'Not much,' said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, 'Take his skates off.'

'No; but really I had scarcely begun,' remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

'Take his skates off,' repeated Mr. Pickwick, firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

'Lift him up,' said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders, and beckoning Winkle to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low but distinct tone:--

'You're a humbug, sir.'

'A what?' said Mr. Winkle, starting.

'A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer if you wish it—an impostor, sir!'

ad-just-ed: fitted on.

af-fec'-tion-ate-ly: lovingly.

ag'-on-ised: suffering.

ang'-uish: great pain.

com'-pli-cat-ed: doubled up;

twisted together (L. *com* = with;

plico = to fold).

de-pict'-ed: painted (L. *de* = down

pictus = painted).

de-vi'-ces: designs; figures.

e-je'-c-u-la-ted: said suddenly.

fran'-tic: excited; wild.

ghast'-ly: ghostly; sickly.

hum'-bug: a deceitful person; an impostor.

im'-pe-tus: force; push.

in-dig'-nant: angry.

in-scrib-ed: drew; cut figures.

lin'-e-a-ment: line; feature.

re-mon'-stra-ted: explained.

spas-mod'-ic: in spasms; by fits and starts; now and then.

un-con'-sci-ous: unaware.

un-par'-al-lel-ed: unequalled.



47. FLOWERS.

HAPPY is the man that loves flowers--loves them for their own sakes, for their beauty, the joy they have given and always will give; so that he would sit down among them as friends and companions, if there was not another creature on earth to admire and praise them.

He who does not appreciate floral beauty is to be pitied like any other man who is born imperfect. It is a misfortune not unlike blindness. But men who contemptuously reject flowers as effeminate, and unworthy of manhood, reveal a certain coarseness.

Generally, there is a disposition to undervalue common flowers. There are few who will trouble themselves to examine minutely a blossom that they have

seen and neglected from their childhood ; and y^e they would but question such flowers, they would o be surprised to find extreme beauty where it had been overlooked.

The first thing that defies the frost in spring is chickweed. It will open its floral eye and look the thermometer in the face at thirty-two degrees. It leads out the snowdrop and the crocus. Its blossom is diminutive ; and no wonder, for it begins so early in the season that it has little time to make much of itself.

You cannot forget, if you would, those golden kisses all over the cheeks of the meadow, qucerly called dandelions. There are many greenhouse blossoms less pleasing to us than these. Their passing away is more spiritual than their bloom. Nothing can be more airy and beautiful than the transparent seed-globe—a fairy dome of splendid architecture.

As for marigolds, poppies, hollyhocks, and valorous sunflowers, we shall never have a garden without them, both for their own sake and for the sake of old-fashioned folks who used to love them. The convolvulus needs no praising : the vine, the leaf, the exquisite vase-framed flower, the delicate and various colours, will secure it from neglect while taste remains.

We do not need to speak for that universal favourite, the rose. As a flower is the finest stroke of creation, so the rose is the happiest hit among flowers. Yet in the feast of ever-blooming roses and of double roses we are in danger of being perverted from a love of simplicity as manifested in the wild single rose. When a man can

upon the simple wild rose, and feel no e, his
has been corrupted.

But we must not neglect the blossoms of fruit trees.

What a great heart an apple tree must have! What
herous work it makes of blossoming! It is not con-
tent with a single bloom for each apple that is to be.
The tree is but a huge bouquet; it gives you twenty times
as much as there is need for, and evidently because it
loves to blossom.

One feels his childhood coming back to him when,
emerging from the hard and hateful city streets, he sees
orchards and gardens in bloom—plum, cherry, pear, peach,
and apple—waves and billows of blossoms rolling over the
hill-sides and down through the levels! My heart runs
riot! This is a kingdom of glory. Are the blossoms sing-
ing, or is all this humming sound the music of bees?

It is with flowers as with friends—many may be
loved, but few *much* loved. Wild honeysuckles in the
wood are very beautiful to you, but they are colour and
form only. They seem strangers to you. But the wild
brier starts a genial feeling: it is the country cousin of
the rose, and that has always been your pet. You have
nursed it and defended it; it has stood by your pillow
while sick; it has brought remembrance to you, and
conveyed your kindest feelings to others.

And so a wild rose, or a sweet brier that at evening
fills the air with odour, greets you as a dear and inti-
mate friend. You almost wish to get out as you travel
and inquire after their health, and ask if they wish to
send any messages by you to their town friends.

And then, when Death enters a poor man's house!

Maybe it is an only son, and his mother a widow, in all his sickness, felt her poverty for her darling's as she never had for her own, and did what she could but not what she would had there been wealth. coffin is pine. The room is small. The attendant neighbours are few. The shroud is coarse.

Oh, the darling child was fit for whatever was most excellent; and the heart aches to do for him whatever could be done that should speak love. It takes money for fine linen, money for costly sepulture; but flowers, thank God, the poorest may have.

So if you cannot give a stone to mark his burial-place, a rose may stand there; and from it you may every spring pluck a bud, as the child was broken off from you. REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER (*adapted*).

ap-pre'-ci-ate: value; admire.

arch'-i-tec-ture: structure; building.

bou-quet': (French, *bouquet*, pronounced *boo-kay'*) a bunch of flowers.

con-tempt'-u-ous-ly: with scorn or disdain.

dan-de-li'-on: (French, *dent de lion*, i.e. lion's tooth).

di-min'-u-tive: very small.

ef-fem'-in-ate: like a woman; unmanly.

ex'-quis-ite: desirable; beautiful.

gen'-er-ous: bountiful; liberal; kind.

ge'-ni-al: kindly; pleasing.

in'-ti-mate: well known.

man'-i-fest-ed: shown.

per-vert'-ed: completely turned or changed.

sep'-ul-ture: burial.

shroud: the covering of the dead body.

ther-mo'-me-ter: an instrument for showing the amount of heat.

u-ni-ver'-sal: general.

val'-or-ous: strong.

GRAMMAR NOTES AND EXERCISES.

1. *Learn*:—The Object of a sentence is a Noun or anything that can be put in the place of a Noun; therefore a Noun Sentence may serve as an **Object**, as:—I knew that the plan would be a failure. You see how vexed I am.

2. *Analyse the following*:—

- (1) Then all averred
I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
- (2) Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream.
- (3) In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task.

48. THE CHURCH PORCH.

George Herbert (1593-1633), a quaint writer of some of the purest poetry that the language possesses. His chief work is entitled *The Temple, or Sacred Poems*. His life was written by the loving pen **Izaak Walton**, the well-known author of the *Complete Angler*.

- Thou, whose sweet youth and early hopes enhance
 Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure,
 Harken unto a Verser, who may chance
 Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure.

 - A verse may find him, who a sermon flies,
 And turn delight into a sacrifice.
- Lie not ; but let thy heart be true to God,
 Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both :
 Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod ;
 The stormy working soul spits lies and froth.
 Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie :
 A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.
- Who keeps no guard upon himself, is slack,
 And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.

 - Man is a shop of rules, a well-truss'd pack,
 Whose every parcel underwrites a law.
 Lose not thyself, nor give thy humours way
 God gave them to thee under lock and key.
- Be thrifty, but not covetous : therefore give
 Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due
 Never was scraper brave man. Get to live ;
 Then live, and use it : else, it is not true
 That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
 Makes money not a contemptible stone.

5. By no means run in debt ; take thine own meat
Who cannot live on twenty pound a year,
Cannot on forty : he's a man of pleasure,
A kind of thing that's for itself too dear.
 The curious unthrift makes his clothes too wide,
 And spares himself, but would his tailor chide.
6. In conversation boldness now bears sway.
But know, that nothing can so foolish be,
As empty boldness : therefore first essay
To stuff thy mind with solid bravery ;
 Then march on gallant : get substantial worth :
 Boldness gilds finely, and will set it forth.
7. Be calm in arguing : for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
Why should I feel another man's mistakes
More than his sicknesses or poverty ?
 In love I should : but anger is not love,
 Nor wisdom neither ; therefore gently move.
8. Calmness is great advantage : he that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire :
Mark all his wanderings, and enjoy his frets ;
As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.
 Truth dwells not in the clouds : the bow that's there
 Doth often aim at, never hit the sphere.
9. Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want, and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places are the way
To compass this. Find out men's wants and will,

And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high :
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be :
Sink not in spirit ; who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree. .
A grain of glory mixt with humbleness
Cures both fever and lethargieness.

11. Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree ;
(Love is a present for a mighty king),
Much less make anyone thine enemy.
As guns destroy, so may a little sling.
The cunning workman never doth refuse
The meanest tool that he may chance to use.

12. Affect in things about thee cleanliness,
That all may gladly board thee, as a flower.
Slovens take up their stock of noisomeness
Beforehand, and anticipate their last hour.
Let thy mind's sweetness have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

13. In brief acquit thee bravely ; play the man.
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
Defer not the least virtue : life's poor span
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy woe.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains :
If well ; the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

an-ti'-cip-ate : take beforehand.
con-tempt'-i-ble : deserving of scorn ; mean ; paltry.
dis-cour'-te-sy : rudeness.
en-hance' : add to ; increase.
es-say' : attempt ; try.
fen'-cers : those who teach or practise the art of using the sword skilfully.
hu'-mours : tempers, whims.
le-thar'-gic-ness : sleepiness ; in-

activity.
mag-nan'-i-mous : great of mind raised above what is low mean.
noi'-some : quality that disgusts unwholesomeness.
proj'-ects : plans ; purposes.
sac'-ri-fice : the offering of any thing to God.
well-trussed pack : a closely-packed bundle.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. Give the meanings of the **English Prefixes** used in the following words : - *enhance, nothing, underwrite, mistake, neither, beforehand.*

2. Give two examples of the use of each of the following **Latin Pre-**

fixes : - *subter, trans, pro, pre, in (not), com, ante.*

3. With the **Latin root, traho** = I draw ; *tractus* = drawn, make words by adding the **Prefixes con, dis, ex, pro, sub, abs**, and give the meanings of the words so formed.

49. THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

(From 'History of England, by Lord Macaulay.)

THE night was rough. Hamilton and his troops made slow progress, and were long after their time. While they were fighting up against the wind and the snow, Glenlyon was supping and playing cards with those he meant to butcher before daybreak. He and Lieutenant Lindsay had engaged themselves to dine with the old chief on the morrow.

Late in the evening a vague suspicion that some evil was intended crossed the mind of the chief's eldest son. The soldiers were evidently in a restless state, and some of them muttered strange exclamations. Two men, it is said, were overheard whispering, 'I do not

'this job;' one of them muttered, 'I should be glad fight the Macdonalds; but to kill men in their s!'

'We must do as we are bid,' answered another voice. 'If there is anything wrong, our officers must answer for it.'

John Macdonald was so uneasy that, soon after midnight, he went to Glenlyon's quarters. Glenlyon and his men were all up, and seemed to be getting their arms ready for action. John, much alarmed, asked what these preparations meant. Glenlyon was profuse of friendly assurances. 'Some of Glengarry's people have been harrying the country. We are getting ready to march against them. You are quite safe. Do you think that, if you were in any danger, I should not have given a hint to your brother Sandy and his wife?' John's suspicions were quieted. He returned to his house and lay down to rest.

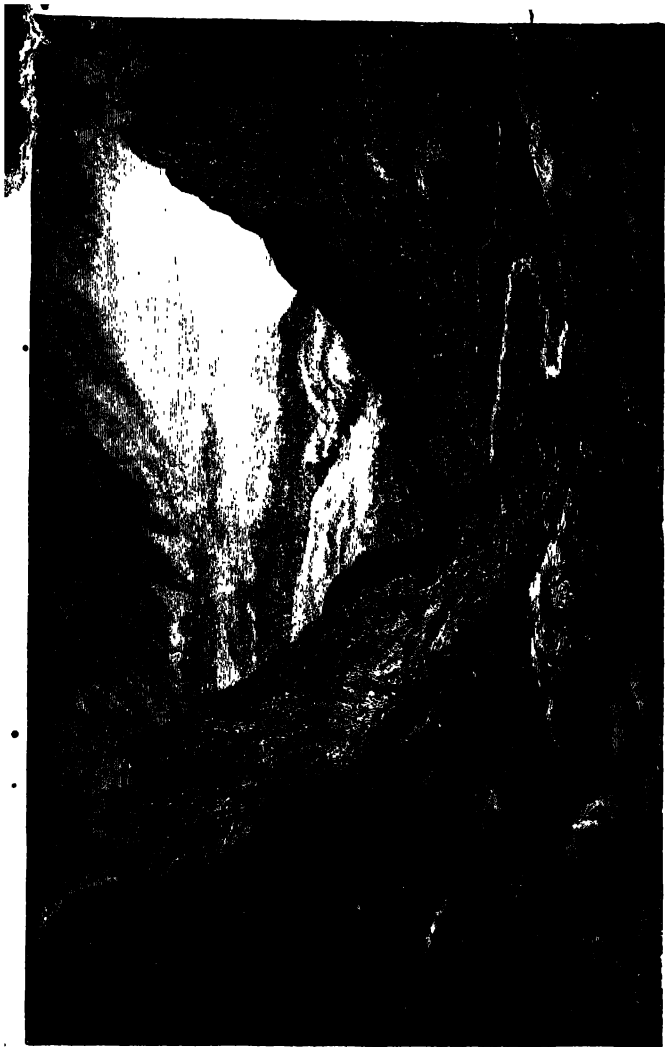
It was five in the morning. Hamilton and his men were still some miles off; and the avenues which they were to have secured were open. But the orders which Glenlyon had received were precise; and he began to execute them at the little village where he was himself quartered. His host and nine other Macdonalds were dragged out of their beds, bound hand and foot, and murdered. A boy twelve years old clung round the captain's legs and begged hard for life. He would do anything; he would go anywhere; he would follow Glenlyon round the world. Even Glenlyon, it is said, showed signs of relenting; but a ruffian named Drummond shot the child dead.

At Auchnaion the taxman was up early that morning, and was sitting with eight of his family round the fire, when a volley of musketry laid him and seven of his companions dead or dying on the floor. His brother, who alone had escaped unhurt, called to Sergeant Barbour, who commanded the slayers, and asked as a favour to be allowed to die in the open air.

‘Well,’ said the sergeant, ‘I will do you that favour for the sake of your meat, which I have eaten.’ The mountaineer, bold, athletic, and favoured by the darkness, came forth, rushed on the soldiers who were about to level their pieces at him, flung his plaid over their faces, and was gone in a moment.

Meanwhile Lindsay had knocked at the door of the old chief and had asked for admission in friendly language. The door was opened. MacIan, while putting on his clothes and calling to his servants to bring some refreshments for his visitors, was shot through the head. Two of his attendants were slain with him. His wife was already up, and dressed in such finery as the princesses of the rude Highland glens were accustomed to wear. The assassins pulled off her clothes and trinkets; the rings were not easily taken from her fingers; but a soldier tore them away with his teeth. She died on the following day.

The statesman to whom this great crime is to be ascribed had planned it with consummate ability; but the execution was complete in nothing but in guilt and infamy. A succession of blunders saved three-fourths of the Glencoe men from the fate of their chief. Hamilton



THE VALE OF GLENCOE.

had arranged his plan without making allowance for bad weather, and this at a season when in the Highlands the weather was very likely to be bad.

The consequence was, the fox-earths, as he called them, were not stopped in time. Glenlyon and his men committed the error of dispatching his host with fire-arms. The peal and flash of gun after gun gave notice from three different parts of the valley at once that murder was doing. From fifty cottages, the half-naked peasantry fled, under cover of the night, to the recesses of the pathless glen.

Even the sons of MacIan, who had been especially marked out for destruction, contrived to escape. They were roused from sleep by faithful servants. John, who, by the death of his father, had become the patriarch of the tribe, quitted his dwelling just as fifty soldiers with fixed bayonets marched up to it.

It was broad day long before Hamilton arrived. He found the work not half performed. One aged Macdonald was left alive. He was probably too infirm to fly, and, as he was above seventy, was not included in the orders under which Glenlyon had acted. Hamilton murdered the old man in cold blood.

It is said, and may but too easily be believed, that the sufferings of the fugitives were terrible. How many old men, how many women with babes in their arms, sank down and slept their last sleep in the snow; how many, having crawled, spent with toil and hunger, into nooks among the precipices, died in those dark holes, and were picked to the bone by the mountain ravens, can never now be known.

ass-ass'-ins : murderers.	har'-ry-ing : laying waste.
as-sur'-ances : positive declarations intended to smooth away fears.	pa'-tri-arch : chieftain.
ath-let'-ic : strong and active.	pre-cise' : to the point, exact.
a'-ven-ues : roads or paths ; generally applied to a road lined with trees.	quat'-ter-ed : stationed.
con-sum'-mate : perfect in the highest degree.	re-cess'-es : hiding places very difficult to find.
fu'-gi-tives : those who fled.	re-lent'-ing : giving way ; being merciful.
Glen-coe' : a deep and gloomy vale in the western highlands of Scotland.	suc-ces'-sion : one after another.
	sus-pi'-cion : mistrust.
	vague : not easily defined.
	volley of mus'-ket-ry : the fire from many muskets at once.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. Show what change is made in the meanings of the following words by taking away the **Prefix** : *efface, supernatural, unhappy, inaccurate, transplant, calamine*.
2. Give the various forms of the
3. Point out and give the meanings of the **Latin Prefixes** used in the following words : *progress, exclamation, preparation, consequence, precursors, recesses*.

50. THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE SARACEN AND THE KNIGHT OF THE LEOPARD

(From 'The Talisman,' by Sir Walter Scott.)

The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs and the inflexion of his body than by any use of the reins, which hung loose in his left hand, so that he was enabled to wield the light round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it as if he meant to oppose its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the western lance. His own long spear was not couched or levelled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length above his head.

As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career,

he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard should put his horse to the gallop to encounter him. But the Christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of Eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion ; and, on the contrary, made a dead halt, confident that if the enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight and that of his powerful charger would give him sufficient advantage, without the additional momentum of rapid motion.

Equally sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result, the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached towards the Christian within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice round his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to the enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point ; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of a hundred yards. .

A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the Heathen renewed the charge, and a second time was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous of putting an end to a fight in which at length he might be worn out by the activity of the foe, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddle-bow, and with a strong hand and unerring aim hurled it against the head of the Emir, for such and not less his enemy appeared.

The Saracen was just aware of the formidable missile in time to interpose his light buckler between the mace

and his head ; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban. and though that defence also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse. Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foeman sprang from the ground, and calling on his horse, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into the seat without touching the stirrup, and regained all the advantage of which the Knight of the Leopard hoped to deprive him.

• But the latter had in the meanwhile recovered his mace, and the Eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and dexterity with which his antagonist had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon, of which he had so lately felt the force, while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung, with great address, a short bow, which he carried at his back, and putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill, that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places.

The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armour, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse. But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within his reach. Even

in this deadly grapple, the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword-belt, in which the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off.

But in the last encounter the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle, which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce. He approached the Christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

‘There is truce betwixt our nations,’ he said; ‘wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me? Let there be peace betwixt us.’

‘I am well contented,’ answered the Knight of the Leopard; ‘but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce?’

‘The word of a follower of the Prophet was never broken,’ answered the Emin. ‘It is thou, brave Nazarene, from whom I should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage.’

The Crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem made him ashamed of his own doubts.

‘By the cross of my sword,’ he said, laying his hand on the weapon as he spoke, ‘I will be true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that we remain in company together.’

‘By Mohammed, Prophet of God, and by Allah, God of the Prophet,’ replied his late foeman, ‘there is not

reachery in my heart towards thee. And now wend we
to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and
the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was called
to battle by thy approach.'

The Knight of the Leopard yielded a ready and cour-
teous assent; and the late foes, without an angry look
or gesture of doubt, rode side by side to the little cluster
of palm trees.

ag-il'i-ty: nimbleness of foot.

an-ta'-gon-ist: foe.

ap-pre-hen-sive: fearful of.

ar'-ti-fice: trick.

buck'-ler: shield.

ca-val-ier': horseman.

Cru-sa'-der: the Knight of the
Leopard. The object of the
Crusaders was to drive out the
Saracens from Jerusalem and
the Holy Land.

e-lud'-ing: getting away from; es-
caping from.

E'-mir: chieftain; a title given
especially to the descendants of
Mohammed.

frus-tra'-ted: prevented; stopped.

gir'-dle: belt.

har'-ness: armour; coat of mail.

in-im'-it-able: that cannot be sur-
passed.

mace: a weapon consisting of a
staff, having at one end a heavy
spiked ball of iron.

men'-ac-ing: threatening.

miss'-ile: anything that is thrown.

mo-ment'-um: the force with which
one body strikes another.

Mos'-lem: Mohammedan.

Naz'-ar-ene: a name given to
Christians by the Moslems.

quiv'-er: case to hold arrows.

Sar'-a-cens: a name given to the
Mohammedans of Arabia and
Syria; at the time of the story,
they possessed the Holy Land.

stir'-rup: a ring suspended by a
rope or strap to support a horse-
man's foot when riding.

truce: an agreement to cease fight-
ing for a given time.

the Prophet: Mohammed.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. Pick out the **Latin Prefixes**
and give their meanings in the
words:— *apprehensive*, *sufficient*,
inimitable, *interpose*, *discharged*,
eluding, *inflection*.

2. Give six words with their

meanings in which the **Prefix** *de* is
used.

3. Give the meanings of the
Latin Prefixes, *per*, *pro*, *post*, *sub*,
ter, *op*, *pene*, and one example of
the use of each.

51. A BALLOON ASCENT.

TAKING balloons as they are, 'for better, for worse,' let
us for once have an aerial flight. The first thing you

naturally expect is some extraordinary sensation. which takes away your breath for a time, in springing high up into the air. But no such thing occurs. The extraordinary thing is, that you experience no sensation at all, so far as *motion* is concerned.

A very amusing illustration of this is given in a letter published by a well-known author, shortly after his ascent. 'I do not despise you,' says he, 'for talking about a balloon going *up*, for it is an error which you share with some millions of our fellow-creatures, and I, in the days of my ignorance, thought with the rest of you. I know better now. The fact is, we do not go *up* at all; but at about five minutes past six on that famous Friday evening, Vauxhall Gardens, with all the people in them, went *down* !

'Feeling nothing of the ascending motion, the first impression that takes possession of you, in "going up" in a balloon, is the quietude, the silence, which grows more and more complete. The restless heaving to and fro of the huge inflated sphere above your head (to say nothing of the noise of the crowd), the flapping of ropes, the rustling of silk, and the creaking of the basket-work of the car - all have ceased. You sit in a silence which becomes more perfect every second.

'So much for what you first *feel*; and now, what is the thing you first *do*? In this case we all do the same thing; we look over the side of the car. We do this very cautiously, keeping a firm seat; and then, holding on *by* the edge, we carefully protrude the peak of our travelling-cap, and then the tip of the nose, over the edge of the car, upon which we rest our mouth.

‘Everything below is seen in so new a form, so flat, compressed, and so simultaneously, that the first look is hardly so satisfactory as could be desired. But soon we thrust the chin fairly over the edge, and take a good stare downwards, and this repays us much better. Objects appear under very novel circumstances from this vertical position. They are stunted and foreshortened, and rapidly flattened, to a maplike appearance; they get smaller and smaller, and clearer and clearer.

‘Away goes the earth, with its hills and valleys, its trees and buildings, its men, women, and children, its horses and cattle, its rivers and vessels; all sinking lower and lower, and becoming less and less, but getting more and more distinct and defined as they diminish in size. But besides the retreat towards minuteness, the outspread objects flatten as they lessen; men and women are five inches high, then four, three, two, one inch, and now a speck.

‘As for the Father of Rivers, he becomes a dusky-gray winding streamlet; and his largest ships are no more than flat, pale decks, all the masts and rigging being foreshortened to nothing. We soon come now to the shadowy, the indistinct; and then all is lost in air. Floating clouds fill up the space beneath.

‘How do we feel all this time? “Calm, sir - calm and resigned.” Yes, and more than this. After a little while, when you find nothing happens, and see nothing likely to happen, a delightful serenity takes the place of all other sensations.

‘To this the extraordinary silence as well as the pale beauty and floating hues that surround you, chiefly con-

tribute. The silence is perfect—a wonder and a rapture! We hear the ticking of our watches—tick! tick!—or is it the beating of our own hearts? We are sure of the watch; now we think we can hear both. Two other sensations must by no means be forgotten. You become very cold and desperately hungry.

‘But here we are, still above the clouds! We may assume that you would not like to be “let off” in a parachute, even on the improved principle; we will therefore prepare for descending with the balloon. The valve-line is pulled; out rushes the gas from the top of the balloon; you see the flag fly upwards.

‘Down through the clouds you sink, faster and faster, lower and lower. Now you begin to see dark masses below: there’s the dear old earth again! The dark masses now discover themselves to be little forests, little towns, tree-tops, house-tops. Out goes a shower of sand from the ballast-bags, and our descent becomes slower; another shower and up we mount again in search of a better spot to alight upon.

‘Our guardian-aeronaut gives each of us a bag of ballast, and directs us to throw out its contents when he calls each of us by name, and in such quantities only as he specifies. Moreover, no one is suddenly to leap out of the balloon when it touches the earth, partly because it may cost him his own life or limbs, and partly because it would cause the balloon to shoot up again with those who remained.

‘Meantime the grapnel-iron has been lowered, and is dangling down at the end of a strong rope a hundred and fifty feet long. It is now trailing over the ground,

Three bricklayers are in chase of it. It catches upon a bank; it tears its way through. Now the three bricklayers are joined by a couple of fellows in smockfrocks, a policeman, five boys, followed by three girls, and last of all a woman with a child in her arms.

'All are running, shouting, screaming, yelling, as the grapnel-iron and rope go trailing and bobbing over the ground before them. At last the iron catches upon a hedge, grapples with its roots; the balloon is arrested, but struggles hard; three or four men seize the rope, and down we are hauled.'

aer'-o-naut: a balloonist (Greek,

aer - the air; *nautes* = a sailor).

cir'-cum-stan-ces: surroundings.

con-trib'-ute: give part; help.

ex-tra-or'-di-na-ry: out of the common order; unusual.

fore-short'-ened: appearing shorter (an arm extended towards the spectator will be foreshortened in a picture).

Father of Rivers: the Thames.

im-pres'-sion: feeling.

in-dis-tinct': not plainly seen.

in-fla'-ted: expanded with air or gas.

mi-nute'-ness: extreme smallness.

para-chute': a contrivance, somewhat like an umbrella, by means of which a balloonist can, without injury, leap to the ground from a great height.

pro-trude': put forth.

rap'-ture: bliss; delight.

sen-sa'-tions: feelings.

se-ren'-i-ty: calmness; quietness.

simul-ta'-ne-ous-ly: altogether; at the same time.

spe'-ci-fies: mentions; points out.

ver'-tic-al: upright; pointing towards the centre of the earth.

GRAMMAR NOTES AND EXERCISES.

1. *Learn*: A Noun may be the *Complement of the Predicate*; therefore a Noun Sentence may perform the same duty, as: 'The truth is that I am very unwell.'

2. *Analyse the following*:

(1) Your heartfelt wish was that they should not return.

(2) Then the fact must be that you are extremely selfish.

(3) In men whom men condemn as ill,

I find so much of goodness

Still,

In men whom men pronounce divine,

I find so much of sin and blot,

I hesitate to draw the line

Between the two, where God has not.

52. A FOREST ON FIRE.

John James Audubon, the naturalist, was born in 1780, and from his earliest years was taught to study nature. After spending many years of hard toil in the woods of the New World, he published his great work, the '**Birds of America**.' Most of his birds were painted by himself in the forest while their plumage was fresh. He died in 1851.

PART I.

We were sound asleep one night, when about two hours before day, the snorting of our horses and lowing of our cattle, which were ranging in the woods, suddenly awoke us.

I took my rifle and went to the door to see what beast had caused the hubbub, when I was struck by the glare of light reflected on all the trees before me, as far as I could see through the woods. My horses were leaping about, snorting loudly, and the cattle ran amongst them in great confusion.

On going to the back of the house I plainly heard the crackling made by the burning brushwood, and saw the flames coming towards us in a far extended line. I ran to the house, told my wife to dress herself and the child as quickly as possible, and take the little money we had, while I managed to catch and saddle two of the best horses.

All this was done in a very short time, for I felt that every moment was precious to us. We then mounted our horses and made off from the fire. My wife, who is an excellent rider, kept close to me, and my daughter, who was then a small child, I took in one arm.

When making off, I looked back and saw that the frightful blaze was close upon us, and had already laid hold of the house. There was a horn attached to my

hunting clothes, and I blew it, to bring after us, if possible, the remainder of my live stock, as well as the dogs.

The cattle followed for a while, but before an hour had passed they all ran, as if mad, through the woods, and that was the last we saw of them. The dogs, too, although at all other times easily managed, ran after the deer which in great numbers sprang before us, as if fully aware of the death that was so rapidly approaching. We heard blasts from the horns of our neighbours as we proceeded, and knew that they were in the same unfortunate condition as we were in ourselves.

Intent on striving to the utmost to preserve our lives, I thought of a large lake some miles off, where the flames might possibly be checked, and we might find a place of safety. Urging my wife to whip up her horse, we set off at full speed, making the best way we could over the fallen trees and the heaps of brushwood, which lay like so many articles placed on purpose to keep up the terrific fires that advanced with a broad front upon us.

By this time we were suffering greatly from the effects of the heat, and we were afraid that our horses would be overcome and drop down at any moment. A singular kind of breeze was passing over our heads, and the glare of the burning trees shone more brightly than the daylight.

I was sensible of a slight faintness, and my wife looked pale. The heat had produced such a flush in the child's face that, when she turned towards either of us, our grief and anxiety were greatly increased.

ad-vanc'-ed: came near.
anx-i'-e-ty: trouble; worry.
at-tach'-ed: fixed to.
brush'-wood: shrubs and small trees.
con-di-tion: state; situation.
ex-tend'-ed: stretched out; wide
 (I. *ex* = out; *tendo, tensum* = to stretch).
in-tent': eager; bent on.

live'-stock: horses, cattle and other domestic animals.
pre-serve': save.
pre'-cious: of great value or worth.
re-flect'-ed: bent or thrown back, as from a mirror.
sen'-si-ble: aware.
sing'-u-lar: unusual.
un-for'-tu-nate: unhappy; unlucky.

GRAMMAR NOTES AND EXERCISES.

1. *Notice carefully*: A sentence often begins with the pronoun *it*, and the real subject, *the noun sentence*, comes last, as:—*It is certain that you will succeed.*

2. *It is called the temporary subject, and the noun sentence the true subject.*

3. *Analyse the following*: -

(1) It is reported that the prince will visit the town. (2) It is true that, though life is lost, honour is not. (3) It does not matter, what people think, if we strive to do our duty. (4) Anon methought the wood began to move.

53. A FOREST ON FIRE.

PART II.

TEN miles are soon gone over on swift horses; but yet, when we reached the borders of the lake we were quite exhausted, and our hearts failed us. The heat of the smoke was insufferable, and sheets of blazing fire flew over us in a manner beyond belief.

We reached the shore, however, coasted the lake for a while, and got round to the sheltered side. There we gave up our horses, which we never saw again. We plunged down amongst the rushes by the edge of the water, and laid ourselves down flat to await the chance of escaping from being burned or devoured. The water greatly refreshed us, and we enjoyed the coolness.

On went the fire, rushing and crashing through the

woods. Such a morning may we never see again! The heavens themselves, I thought, were frightened. All above us was a bright red glare, mingled with dark



threatening clouds and black smoke, rolling and sweeping away in the distance.

Our bodies were cool enough, but our heads were

scorching, and the child, who now seemed to understand the matter, cried so as nearly to break our hearts.

The day passed on, and we became hungry. Many wild beasts came plunging into the water beside us, and others swam across to our side and stood still. Although faint and weary, I managed to shoot a porcupine, and we all tasted its flesh.

The night passed, I cannot tell you how. Smouldering fires covered the ground, and the trees stood like pillars of fire, or fell across each other. The stifling and sickening smoke still rushed over us, and the burnt cinders and ashes fell thick around us.

When morning came, everything about us was calm; but a dismal smoke still filled the air, and the smell seemed worse than ever. What was to become of us we did not know.

My wife hugged the child to her breast and wept bitterly, but God had preserved us through the worst of the danger, and the flames had gone past, so I thought it would be both ungrateful to Him and unmanly to despair now.

Hunger once more pressed upon us, but this was soon remedied. Several deer were standing in the water, up to the head, and I shot one of them. Some of its flesh was soon roasted, and after eating it we felt wonderfully strengthened.

By this time the blaze of the burning forest was beyond our sight, although the remains of the fires of the night before were still burning in many places, and it was dangerous to go amongst the burnt trees.

After resting for some time, we prepared to commence

our march. Taking up the child in my arms, I led the way over the hot ground ; and after two weary days and nights of suffering, during which we shifted in the best manner we could, we at last succeeded in reaching the woods that had been free from the fire, and soon afterwards we came to a house, where we were kindly treated.

. AUDUBON.

coast'-ed : went round the shore.

de-spair' : become hopeless.

de-vour'-ed : eaten up.

dis'-mal : horrible ; gloomy ; dark
(*L. dies malus* -- an evil day).

ex-haust'-ed : worn out ; weary.

in-suf-fer-a-ble : not to be borne
or endured.

porc'-u-pine : a small animal, the
body of which is covered with
long and sharp quills or spines.
When attacked it rolls itself into
a ball, the sharp spines being

presented in every direction to
the enemy (*L. porcus*, a pig,
and *spina*, a thorn).

pre-pared' : got ready.

pre-serv'-ed : protected ; saved.

rem'-e-died : cured.

smould'-er-ing : burning without
blazing.

suc-ceed-ed : obtained the object
desired.

threat'-en-ing : alarming.

un-grate'-ful : unthankful ; dis-
pleasing

54. THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE

(From 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers'.)

Aytoun (W. E.), a Scottish poet and miscellaneous writer, was born at Edinburgh in 1813. His most popular work is the '*Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*.' He died in 1865.

Come hither, Evan Cameron !

Come, stand beside my knee -

I hear the river roaring down

Towards the wintry sea.

There's shouting on the mountain side,

There's war within the blast -

Old faces look upon me,

Old forms go trooping past.

I hear the pibroch wailing
Amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again
Upon the verge of night !

12

'Twas I that led the Highland host
Through wild Lochaber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down
To battle with Montrose.
I've told thee how the Southrons fell
Beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan
By Inverlochy's shore.
I've told thee how we swept Dundee,
And turned the Lindsay's pride ;
But never have I told thee yet
How the Great Marquis died !

24

A traitor sold him to his foes ;—
O deed of deathless shame !
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
With one of Assynt's name—
Be it upon the mountain's side,
Or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone,
Or backed by armed men—
Face him, as thou would'st face the man
Who wronged thy sire's renown ;
Remember of what blood thou art,
And strike the caitiff down !

36

They brought him to the Watergate,
Hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there,
And not a fenceless man.
They set him high upon a cart—
The hangman rode below—
They drew his hands behind his back,
And bared his noble brow.
Then, as a hound is slipped from leash,
They cheered the common throng,
And blew the note with yell and shout,
And bade him pass along.

48

It would have made a brave man's heart
Grow sad and sick that day,
To watch the keen Malignant eyes
Bent down on that array.
There stood the Whig west-country lords
In balcony and bow,
There sat their gaunt and withered dames,
And their daughters all a-row ;
And every open window
Was filled as full might be
With black-robed Covenanting carles,
That goodly sport to see.

60

But when he came, though pale and wan,
He looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front,
So calm his steadfast eye ;—
The rabble rout forbore to shout,
And each man held his breath,

For well they knew the hero's soul
Was face to face with death.
And then a mournful shudder
Through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him,
Now turned aside and wept.

72

. . . . They placed him next
Within the solemn hall,
Where once the Scottish kings were throned
Amidst their nobles all.
But there was dust of vulgar feet
On that polluted floor,
And perjured traitors filled the place
Where good men sate before.
With savage glee came Warristoun
To read the murderous doom ;
And then uprose the Great Montrose
In the middle of the room.

81

‘ Now by my faith as belted knight,
And by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross
That waves above us there ---
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath—
And oh, that such should be !—
By that dark stream of royal blood
That lies 'twixt you and me—
I have not sought in battle field
A wreath of such renown,
Nor dare I hope, on my dying day,
To win the martyr's crown !

96

' There is a chamber far away
Where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye have named for me
Than by my fathers' grave.
For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,
This hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still
In the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower—
Give every town a limb—
And God who made shall gather them :
I go from you to Him !'

108

The morning dawned full darkly,
The rain came flashing down,
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt
Lit up the gloomy town :
The thunder crashed across the heaven,
The fatal hour was come ;
Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat,
The 'larum of the drum.
There was madness on the earth below,
And anger in the sky,
And young and old, and rich and poor
Came forth to see him die.

120

Ah, God, that ghastly gibbet !
How dismal 'tis to see
The great, tall spectral skeleton,
The ladder, and the tree !
Hark ! hark ! it is the clash of arms—
The bells begin to toll—

He is coming ! he is coming !—
God's mercy on his soul !
One last long peal of thunder—
The clouds are cleared away,
And the glorious sun, once more looks down
Amidst the dazzling day. 132

He is coming ! he is coming !
Like a bridegroom from his room,
Came the hero from his prison
To the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle
More proudly than to die :
There was colour in his visage,
Though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marvelled as they saw him pass,
That great and goodly man ! 134

He mounted up the scaffold,
And he turned him to the crowd ;
But they dared not trust the people,
So he might not speak aloud.
But he looked upon the heavens,
And they were clear and blue,
And in the liquid ether
The eye of God shone through :
Yet a black and murky battlement
Lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within—
All else was calm and still. 136

